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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

REPENT: THE END IS NEAR

Some say the world will end in fire, some in ice. William Clark, as President Reagan's national security adviser, was of the ice persuasion. His cold-warmaking threatened to freeze Soviet-American relations into positions so hardened as to assure mutual destruction.

Now he joins the fire crowd. As Interior Secretary, he will be responsible for earth, air and water policies that will contribute to the "greenhouse effect," which the Environmental Protection Agency predicts will bring us catastrophic heat and humidity. The destruction of forests, the hyperdevelopment of fossil fuel resources from public lands and seas, the industrialization of the wilderness: at the rate Interior is going, tropical orchids will soon bloom in the piney woods of Maine, and Charleston, South Carolina, will be the new Atlantis.

All this is supposed to begin in the 1990s—only a couple of years after Reagan's putative second term is finished, according to the E.P.A.'s eschatologists. In the meantime it is bound to be politics as usual in Washington. Certainly it was the mundane business of re-election that led to the President's Cabinet shuffle. Attempts to read profound ideological meaning into Judge Clark's move into James Watt's seat, or into the elevation of Clark's deputy, Robert McFarlane, to head the National Security Council, miss the main point—that Reagan is shaping up his campaign.

Even in the twisted terms of Reaganism, Clark was a disaster at the N.S.C. He can hardly be less so at Interior, but there the doomsday time frame is slightly wider. He can continue to transfer the nation's natural treasure into corporate coffers, and borrow James Watt's famous rationalization: "I do not know," Watt told a House committee, "how many future generations we can count on before the Lord returns."

MARC RICH, BOY SCOUT
Calvin Trillin

WALESA'S NOBEL PRIZE
Daniel Singer

AFTERSHOCK IN VENEZUELA
J.E. Murray

INTELLIGENCE WIRETAPS
Herman Schwartz

30s BLACK RADICALISM
Clayborne Carson

KRISTOL: SEMI-NEO-CON?
Robert Lekachman

METHOD TO HIS BADNESS?

PRESIDENTIAL TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

MARK GREEN

From young George Washington's apocryphal admission about chopping down a cherry tree to Jimmy Carter's political mantra in 1976 ("I will never lie to you"), the issue of Presidential truth and consequences has always been with us. Since "leadership is example," in Albert Schweitzer's phrase, Americans have always expected—or at least hoped—that their leading citizen would be a truth-teller.

No modern President has engaged in so consistent a pattern of misspeaking on such a wide range of subjects as has Ronald Reagan. Prior Presidents surely committed their share of factual errors—and none of Reagan's approach L.B.J.'s deceptions about the Vietnam War or Richard Nixon's lies about Watergate. But in terms of sheer regularity and frequency, Reagan is the all-time champ of misstatement.

Reagan's problem is not merely the kind of innocent bloopers and faux pas all of us, even Presidents, are prone to. Gerald Ford, for example, once actually said, "Things are more like they are now than they've ever been." Reagan toasted Bolivia—in Brazil; referred to his Secretary of Housing and Urban Development as "Mr. Mayor" at a conference of mayors; called Samuel Doe, Head of State of Liberia, "Chairman Moe"; and announced at a G.O.P. fund-raising dinner in 1982, "Now we are trying to get unemployment to go up, and I think we're going to succeed." No great harm done there.

But Reagan makes errors that are far more serious than faux pas. They can be divided into six categories: obvious exaggerations, material omissions, contrived anecdotes, voodoo statis-

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LETTERS.

SLAUGHTER'S 'PIE-IN-THE-SKYISM'

Washington

Jane Slaughter's article on industrial policy and the Chrysler bail-out is pure pie-in-the-skyism ["A Preview of Industrial Policy," *The Nation*, Oct. 15]. Chrysler has survived, and is thriving, thanks to the sacrifices and vision of a lot of people—most of all, the workers whose jobs were on the line.

Every union bargaining situation must deal with the facts at hand. By the time the existing contract expires, Chrysler workers' earnings will equal those of General Motors and Ford workers—not a bad achievement for a company once destined for extinction.

There is no perfect path to a U.S. industrial policy, but the Chrysler rescue contains many practical lessons. Of course one can always bay at the moon and hope for the millenium. That, I presume, is what Slaughter would have us do when faced with industrial decline and bankruptcies.

Frank Wallick, Editor
UAW Washington Report

A CALL FOR DOCUMENTS

Washington

Congress is now considering legislation that would exempt certain Central Intelligence Agency files from the search and review requirements of the Freedom of Information Act [Angus Mackenzie, "The Operational Files Exemption," and Morton H. Halperin and Allan Adler, "There Is No Deal," *The Nation*, Sept. 24]. The Senate Intelligence Committee unanimously approved a revised version of the bill (S. 1324) on October 4, and should issue its accompanying report by October 21.

In its testimony on S. 1324, the American Civil Liberties Union said it would oppose the bill if its passage would result in any loss of access to information that had previously been released under the F.O.I.A. In order to determine if there would be any loss, the committee asked the C.I.A. to examine a list of documents it had already released. The C.I.A. studied "From Official Files," a Center for National Security Studies report which summarizes all documents released to the center as well as other C.I.A. documents that were reported in the press or otherwise came to the attention of the center. The C.I.A.'s analysis indicates that none of these documents would be exempt under the terms of S. 1324 and explains why.

That analysis, which will be published in the record of the committee's hearings, is important in assessing the bill's impact. The A.C.L.U., however, wants to be sure that certain types of documents are not missing from the center's summary. For this reason, the A.C.L.U. is asking people who have received C.I.A. documents under the act and who suspect that those documents would not be subject to search and review under the proposed bill to submit copies of the documents for review. The A.C.L.U. will try to ascertain if the types of documents submitted would be exempt. The material will not be disseminated if so requested; the A.C.L.U. will pay copying costs if necessary. Documents should be sent to Allan Adler, Center for National Security Studies, 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. The center is a project of the A.C.L.U. Foundation and the Fund for Peace.

Morton H. Halperin, Director
Center for National Security Studies

LIBEL AND CLASS STRUGGLE

New York City

I am pleased that Paul Berman finds my book *Class Struggle Is the Name of the Game: True Confessions of a Marxist Businessman* "funny" and "amusing" ["But Will It Sell?" *The Nation*, Oct. 8], but I would have been happier if he had paid more attention to what the book is about—to wit, the condition of small businesses in America today; what happens to *anyone* who goes into business (the capitalist as an "embodiment" of capital); the ongoing validity of Marx's theory of class struggle; and the possibility of using the market as part of a strategy for attacking the market. The autobiographical form of the book is just that, the form, and I had hoped that a journal concerned with radical thought would devote less space to recounting my anecdotes and more to evaluating these main themes.

As to particulars, I shall leave it to readers of my book to decide whether the people who are criticized, corrected, mocked or simply kidded (important distinctions that Berman ignores) get their just deserts or no. More serious—and what does require a response—is Berman's distorted account of my libel suit against Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, an act which strikes him as both un-Marxist and illiberal.

First, a correction: the three judges on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia did not decide that my suit should go forward to trial, as Berman says, on the ground that an "expression of opinion, which was previously exempt from libel suits, ought not to be exempt if it contains wrong facts." That is a possible reading of one judge's opinion. The other two judges came down on my side for other reasons, the main one being that what Evans and Novak had written about me concerned facts, not opinion. That was also the main contention in the brief submitted by my lawyer.

Berman suggests that my suit is in some way directed against the press and is a threat to the First Amendment. Though the libel laws allow me to sue each of the several hundred newspapers that carried the column, I am suing only the people who wrote it. According to Berman, radicals should never sue anyone for libel. Admittedly, in a "good society," there would probably be no libel laws, but that is not the issue or the relevant context here. Libel laws, as Berman points out, are used chiefly by the rich and powerful to silence their critics. Of course that is unfair, but how is anything changed, for better or worse, if an occasional poor and powerless person tries to use the same laws to protect himself or herself? In our imperfect capitalist society, imperfect laws can sometimes—usually with great difficulty and at no little sacrifice—be used in this way. Will the courts use these occasions to further restrict freedom of the press and people's rights generally? If they want to. But if they want to, there are many occasions they can use besides my one suit.

In the same issue of *The Nation*, Martin Garbus argues that individuals who hold public office or who are otherwise public figures should not be able to sue for libel ["Abolish Libel—The Only Answer"]. To anyone seriously concerned about reforming the libel laws, that is a crucial point, because suits (and the threat of suits) by public figures are the real danger to whatever freedom of the press exists in this country. In 1978, when the Evans and Novak column appeared, I was not in any sense a "public figure." And even Garbus, extreme civil libertarian that he is, believes that some kind of libel law is needed to protect the rest of us from serious damage inflicted by dishonest writing.

Unlike most victims of libel, I suffered more than "mental anguish." Evans and Novak's remarks, some of which were directed against my work and reputation as a professor, had a clear impact on the decision to reject me as chairman of the department of government and politics at the University of Maryland (whose Board of Regents chairman circulated the column extensively).

Rather than contributing to our oppression (Berman's view), I believe that using *their* imperfect laws against *them* (are there still any readers who don't know who Evans and Novak are?) can play an important role in our liberation. Reacting passively to injustice only makes those who are responsible believe they can get away with even worse the next time. No doubt, this conviction also accounts, in part, for why I felt I had to respond to Berman.

Bertell Ollman
Professor of Politics,
New York University

BERMAN REPLIES

New York City

Professor Ollman, as is his wont, takes his writings more seriously than I do. Concerning his suit, the civil libertarians I have consulted, including Martin Garbus, think he's following an unfortunate course. Sometimes people must sue, but because Ollman is a public figure, his case is not one of those instances.

Paul Berman

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EDITORIALS.

The Dollars Fix

The conventional unwisdom about Israel's chronic economic crisis is that its root causes should be searched out and destroyed in Beirut and Damascus. Arab aggression and intransigence, it is said, necessitate Israel's swollen military budget and the attendant triple-digit inflation and metastatic foreign debt. But it would be wiser to look to Jerusalem and Washington for the causes of the crisis; there, the intimate relationship between patron and client has produced a system of aid and dependence that has an inexorable logic of its own, beyond any rational calculation of need and threat.

The dynamic of that relationship can be glimpsed in the deleted lines of a heavily censored General Accounting Office report entitled "U.S. Assistance to the State of Israel." At the insistence of the State Department and the Pentagon, the report was drastically modified for public consumption before it was released in June (a copy of the uncensored version was obtained by the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee). According to one deleted sentence, "State and DOD officials say that it is not politically possible to submit to Congress, as an administration proposal, a lower

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FMS [Foreign Military Sales] figure for Israel than that for the previous year." And how do U.S. officials assess Israel's military needs? The published version states that "the U.S. generally supports Israeli plans for its forces modernization, and agrees that there is an Arab threat to Israel." The next sentence was deleted: "DOD officials believe that [the threat] is overemphasized at this time."

Not only the threat but the need is grossly exaggerated: the censors excised the finding of some D.O.D. officials that "Israel can 'do with less' than the proposed $1.7 billion FMS program." Some thought that "Israel could get by with $1 billion annually . . . and still maintain its superiority."

In any patron-client relationship, personal or diplomatic, power flows both ways. At this point Israel, the client, seems to have the upper hand. Because of domestic pressures in an American pre-election year and because of the Administration's simple-minded belief that Israel is the bulwark against Soviet ambitions in the Middle East, the United States is stuck with an ever-increasing aid bill and no leverage to call the shots.

But just as America can't stop giving, Israel can't stop taking. With a public and private foreign debt approaching $30 billion, the shekel in shards and financial institutions tottering, Israel's economy is a shambles. And still its debt skyrockets, as private creditors take reassurance from U.S. aid policies and pump more money into the country. Aid, like certain drugs, is habit-forming.

And what bad habits this addict has. Israel is spending more than $1 million a day on its Lebanese adventure. At least $1.5 billion has already been invested in the once "creeping," now galloping, annexation of the West Bank, and the government plans to spend another $2.5 billion to reach its target of 100,000 settlers by 1986. Confident of a continuing flow of U.S. dollars, Israeli Finance Minister Yoram Aridor boasted to the Knesset before his recent resignation, "When inflation and the cost of living index are just historical memories, Judea and Samaria will be ours."

If Lebanon today is a quagmire for Israel and the United States, then the West Bank is a future Belfast. There is no one in the U.S. foreign policy establishment with the imagination or courage to act on this dreadful truth. The reality of the U.S.-Israeli aid relationship makes serious peace initiatives impossible. If there is to be a resolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict, there must be a fundamental change in American and Israeli politics—and that change, despite the departure of Menachem Begin and the arrival of Yitzhak Shamir, is nowhere in sight.

Temple Bombs

The explosion that ripped through the Mausoleum of the Martyrs in Rangoon, Burma, on October 9, killing four South Korean Cabinet ministers, has had a shattering impact: tensions in the heavily militarized Korean Peninsula are dangerously high, and the stability of the Seoul regime is seriously threatened.

The government of President Chun Doo Hwan immediately blamed North Korea for the explosion, taking it as self-evident that anything bad that happens to South Korea is the work of Pyongyang. Chun cited previous incidents—the attempted assassination of President Park Chun Hee in 1968 and the alleged plot to kill Chun himself in Canada in 1982—as corroborating evidence. But those examples are shrouded in ambiguity.

Many South Korean opposition leaders and dissidents have never believed the official story that North Korean commandos attacked Park's presidential Blue House. As in similar incidents, the opposition suspects that the South Korean military was involved in the attack. As for the 1982 attempt on Chun's life, charges against the three Canadians who he said tried to kill him were dropped.

Politically, the North Koreans have little to gain from the assassinations. Why would they jeopardize their close ties with Rangoon or their leading role in the nonaligned movement? Nor do they have any interest in crippling Chun's autocratic administration, which has provoked the highest level of anti-American feeling in South Korea since the late 1940s. The hostility in Seoul in the wake of the killings is particularly dangerous for North Korea.

To find an explanation of the explosion in Burma one must look to South Korea—to the policies with which the four slain Cabinet members were identified.

These men were the key links between the South Korean military regime and the U.S. and Japanese governments, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the most powerful international banks. Educated in American universities, they were the engineers of what U.S. commentators have been calling the "liberalization" of South Korea's economy. Under a plan formulated by the World Bank after the disastrous overexpansion of heavy industry in the 1970s, Korean industries were reorganized and exposed to international competition, while the government reduced its role in the allocation of capital. These policies dovetailed with Seoul's goal of building closer ties with American companies and banks and establishing a much tighter strategic relationship with the United States.

The most important of the four technocrats was Kim Jae Ik, who was in charge of the "liberalization" process after Chun seized power in May 1980. According to an American banker who was in Seoul from 1978 to 1982, Kim was "basically the salesman for Korea to foreign bankers." But he and the other technocrats had enemies. The increasingly anti-American opposition movement believes that Chun's economic policies are bringing South Korea under the domination of foreign interests, and are an adjunct to the repressive apparatus of his police state. Businessmen miss the low-interest government loans to which they had access in the 1970s, when the state played a more active role in the economy. And they resent the opening of protected sectors of the economy to foreign investors and imports. The technocrats' desire to control the unofficial loan market alienated members of the military—including a number of officers close to Chun—who had been making large profits by lending money to local businessmen.

Nationalist elements within the government bureau-

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cracy have also resisted some of the "liberalization" policies, and their "screw the foreigner" attitudes, to use an American Embassy official's description, may have been a major reason for the withdrawal last year of South Korea's largest foreign investor, Dow Chemical. A year ago, the U.S. ambassador to South Korea warned against "excessive nationalism" in a much publicized speech in Seoul.

Is it possible that members of the Korean military, many of whom were opposed to the violent methods Chun used to seize power, collaborated with dissidents or foreign agents to kill the technocrats (perhaps they intended to eliminate Chun as well) in order to defeat their policies and reorient the economy to meet domestic needs? That is not unlikely given the South Korean military's history of intervention in politics since the early 1950s.

By all indications, President Reagan still plans to visit Seoul in November. But he may want to reconsider: like the Philippines, South Korea is a volcano ready to erupt. The rumblings have already begun. TIM SHORROCK

Tim Shorrock is the editor of Multinational Monitor.

Argentina Votes

Buenos Aires

As Argentines prepare to go to the polls on October 30, the enormity of the damage done by seven years of military rule has yet to be fully assessed. When the generals overthrew the inept constitutional government of Maria Estela Martinez de Perón in March 1976, the country was on the brink of political and economic collapse. Inflation had soared to nearly 500 percent. Financial speculation and hoarding of goods were common. The social order was seriously threatened by the Montoneros, the urban guerrilla offshoot of the leftist Perónist youth movement. From the right, the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance gave the country a foretaste of what, under the military, would become a daily diet of disappearances, torture and death.

The Argentina of today bears a superficial resemblance to the Argentina of those bad old days, masking profound changes in the country's social, political and economic makeup. Inflation is galloping toward 600 percent. Unemployment is estimated at 15 percent. Strikes, a phenomenon endemic to Perónist rule, have returned with a vengeance, as workers try to recoup what seven years of the military's ironfisted antilabor policies have chipped away. In the past year general strikes have shut the country down three times.

Despite its well-educated, predominantly skilled work force, the country's chief attraction to foreign investors is low wages. The average hourly wage here is 90 cents; in traditionally "labor surplus" countries like Taiwan, the average hourly wage is double that, and in the United States the typical worker makes $8. After nearly forty years of trying to transform their country into an industrial powerhouse, Argentines now find it has been relegated to its former role of agricultural producer.

Since 1976, Argentina's industrial work force has dropped from 1.8 million workers to 1.3 million. During the same period, its foreign debt has risen from $8 billion to $40 billion; a study last year by Wharton Econometrics, a U.S. consulting firm, attributed the rise to "military spending and private greed." Today Argentina cannot pay the interest on its foreign debt, the developing world's third largest, and imports, including raw materials vital for industry, are at a standstill.

Another factor in the bleak pre-election outlook is the still-unhealed wounds left by the military's crusade against its political opponents in the 1970s, "the dirty war." In September the government issued a "self-amnesty" for crimes committed by the military during that "opening battle against international Marxism." The move, opposed by nearly every sector of political life, was less than disinterested. Not surprisingly, the two leading presidential candidates, Raúl Alfonsín of the Radical Civic Union and Italo Argentino Luder, a Perónist, have pledged to strike down the law.

In choosing Luder, a colorless constitutional law professor and a former provisional president, the Perónists turned back a challenge from supporters of Perón's widow, who believe the former cabaret dancer with a grammar school education should lead by divine right.

The Perónists enjoy a significant numerical advantage (they claim their party's 3.2 million members make it the largest in the Western world). Their seemingly unbreakable hold on the industrial cordon surrounding Buenos Aires, a mostly working-class district which is heavily weighted in the electoral college, provides them with an important psychological edge and leaves their opponents in the capital with the uneasy feeling of being hemmed in.

The main differences between Luder, 66, and Alfonsín, 56, involve their styles and their bases of support rather than issues. Both candidates say they want the international banks to refinance Argentina's debt with lower interest rates and longer periods to pay back the principal. Both have pledged to attack unemployment and inflation by increasing the number of jobs in the public sector, and both favor greater government intervention in the economy. They have also pledged to "recover" the Falklands by peaceful means.

The charismatic Alfonsín has aggressively wooed the Perónists' working-class supporters. He took control of the Radical Civic Union by mounting a challenge from its left wing, and he maintains close ties to European social democrats, particularly President Felipe González of Spain.

"We will never win an election without the workers," Alfonsín thundered one night on the stump in San Juan province, 700 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. "I note many mothers in the audience with their children—they bring them here as they would to a doctor if they were sick. They come to innoculate them against dictatorships."

People said later that they had not seen anything like Alfonsín's performance—since Perón.

MARTIN ANDERSEN

Martin Andersen writes for Newsweek *in Buenos Aires.*

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DISPATCHES.

■ JAPAN: Memories of Overflights Past

The Soviet attack on Korean Air Lines Flight 007 has been justifiably condemned, but a declassified memorandum we recently found in the Lyndon Johnson Presidential Library supplies a bit of historical perspective and helps explain why the Russians thought the 747 jumbo jet was a spy plane. The document indicates that U.S. violations (inadvertent or not) of Soviet airspace over Sakhalin Island have been a chronic irritant between the superpowers.

The memorandum, dated September 4, 1962, informed Vice President Johnson about a routine U-2 reconnaissance flight that the Russians had tracked over Sakhalin Island. The following month a U-2 was shot down over Cuba during the missile crisis, but the Russians chose to protest only the Sakhalin overflight.

The Soviet protest caused greater concern in Tokyo than in Washington. For several years after U-2s began flying over Soviet territory, the thin black jets often took off from U.S. air bases in Japan. In July 1960, public opinion forced the Japanese government to announce that U.S. spy planes would no longer use Japanese territory. Following the Sakhalin incident, the Russians accused Japan of reneging on its pledge and made a veiled threat to "neutralize" the U.S. bases. "The Japanese press and official circles [are] quite concerned over the Russian charge of violation of the southern tip of Sakhalin," said the memorandum. The State Department, seeking to placate Tokyo, issued a statement that no U-2s had been stationed in Japan since 1960.

Thus, tension about U.S. overflights in the Northwest Pacific has a long history, and the Russians could have believed the 747 was one of the current generation of spy planes. Was the South Korean airliner engaged in spying? Probably not. But commercial endeavors have been used as covers for spying.

In the late 1960s, for instance, when the Soviet Union maintained a large military presence in Egypt, the Central Intelligence Agency persuaded Standard Oil of Indiana to outfit its oil rigs in the Egyptian desert with surveillance equipment to monitor Soviet air traffic. When the American ambassador to Egypt learned about the operation, he suspended it. Several months later the ambassador was reassigned to Washington and the black boxes were reinstalled—just in time for the June 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

■ LEBANON: The Sûreté is Back

While Paola Crociani, a 29-year-old Italian photographer, was on assignment in Beirut last spring, she was picked up by officers of the Sûreté Generale, the Phalangist-dominated security force. They took her to their downtown headquarters and kept her incommunicado for thirty-six hours.

During that time Crociani was interrogated about her contacts in Beirut, particularly Palestinians, and was told that her photographs were too "specific"—too vivid in their depiction of Palestinian refugee camps. After her release she was promptly expelled from Lebanon. Perhaps the only Westerner to have seen firsthand the elaborate interrogation and torture center operated by the Sûreté Generale, she has provided testimony about the Lebanese security forces to the New York City-based Committee to Protect Journalists.

Shortly after her interrogation, she testified,

> there rose terrible screams from the room just below me—screams of pain from men subjected to torture . . . sounding like the yelps of wounded animals. . . . I could also hear other sounds, for example, something like the echo of a whip cutting through the air. . . . Later in the morning I saw those whips; they were made of steel and covered with straps of leather. All the interrogators carried them while walking up and down the corridor. . . . There was one interrogator with heavy boots on, white heavy boots with special heels several inches high. He questioned a prisoner and trampled his bare feet forcefully with these heels, again and again.

Crociani's colleagues outside Lebanon successfully pressured the Lebanese government for her release. Most civilians in Lebanon, particularly Palestinians, are not so fortunate. After the 1975-76 civil war, with the central government powerless and a militia for every cause, the Sûreté was dormant. Now it appears that it was simply biding its time, drawing up lists of suspects who would be rounded up when the Phalangists took power. Crociani is a witness to the true nature of President Amin Gemayel's backers. The Sûreté's resurgence bodes ill for a united Lebanon.

■ PAKISTAN: Winds of Cold War

High-level American officials seem to visit client dictatorships at times when all hell has broken loose. Earlier this month, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger dropped in on Gen. Zia ul-Haq in Pakistan, where hundreds of people have been killed during antigovernment demonstrations in the past two months. The protests have been organized by the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy, an uneasy coalition of political parties that share the goal of ending Zia's six-year rule.

So far, severe repressive measures by the military have kept Zia in power. Yet there are distinct signs that by protecting one general through terror, the military may be uncorking the "national question" that challenges Pakistan's very existence as a nation and that has plagued it since its formation.

An excellent analysis of the current crisis by Feroz Ahmed, an exiled leader of the Pakistani opposition, appears in a pamphlet produced by the New York City-based Pakistan Democratic Forum. Ahmed argues that if the demonstrations, which are taking place primarily in Sind province, do not spread to the populous Punjab province, the movement to unseat Zia is certain to be defeated. If that happens, he writes, the next round in the political struggle will pit Sindhi separatists against the military, which is dominated by Punjabis. Pakistan must become democratic or it will be dismembered.

There are signs that tribal leaders in Baluchistan have

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

abandoned their thirty-five-year-old struggle for "provincial autonomy" and have opted for secession. The titular leader of the Baluch and former Chief Minister of the province, Ataullah Khan Mengal, now in exile in London, told *Nation* contributor Lawrence Lifschultz last summer, "If the Baluch are to survive, then we must struggle for an independent Baluchistan, outside the framework of Pakistan." Mengal has long been considered a moderate, and his present militant stance indicates how strong the forces pulling Pakistan apart have become under Zia's dictatorship.

In 1973, the last time the Baluch took up arms—more precisely, antiquated weapons—they managed to keep 100,000 Pakistani troops bogged down for four years in an indecisive mountain war. The Russians took a hands-off attitude toward that struggle, but now that they are involved in a war in Afghanistan and Zia is a U.S. client, the temptation to assist the Baluch secessionists may be strong. "We believe . . . the Russians will in the end have no objection as far as the emergence of an independent Baluchistan is concerned," says Mengal. "We are trying our best to be noncommitted to any power. . . . We would certainly accept any aid that comes from any quarter without committing the integrity of Baluchistan." Baluchistan could become the next cold war flash point.

■ SOUTH AFRICA: The Costs of Apartheid

The International Monetary Fund would never admit it publicly, but its apolitical economists have written a confidential report on South Africa that argues that apartheid is a serious obstacle to economic growth.

The report, dated May 19, was recently leaked to the Washington-based Center for International Policy, a foreign-policy research institute. With bureaucratic delicacy, the document never once uses the word "apartheid," relying instead on euphemisms such as "practices that constitute impediments." But even the bloodless language cannot blunt the impact of the I.M.F.'s first criticism of apartheid.

The bulk of the report is devoted to demonstrating the deleterious effect South Africa's discriminatory policies have had on its economic growth. "Shortages of skilled labor constitute a medium-term constraint on potential growth that is unlikely to be eased without substantial changes in policy," the I.M.F. economists write. They estimate that an annual growth rate of 5 percent is necessary to prevent unemployment from rising; but given the lack of skilled labor in leading sectors of the economy, South Africa can expect a growth rate no higher than 4 percent a year.

There is little doubt in the economists' minds as to the cause of the labor shortage: "A major impediment to progress on this front is the large discrepancy in skills and in government expenditure on education and training between race groups." The report points out that Pretoria spends thirteen times as much on a white child's education as it spends on a black child's; there are also "large discrepancies" between the technical and vocational training available to blacks and whites.

The leak comes at a bad time for South Africa and the I.M.F. On August 3, the U.S. House of Representatives approved an amendment to the I.M.F. authorization bill that instructs the U.S. executive director of the fund to vote against loans to governments that practice apartheid. The House-Senate Conference Committee is likely to accept the amendment early next month.

■ EAST TIMOR: Fretilin Redux

Until last August, the insurgency in East Timor seemed to have abated, if not actually collapsed. Fretilin guerrillas had not attacked Indonesian forces during the previous six months. And in late July, an Australian parliamentary delegation spent four days on the isolated island—the first Australian officials the Indonesian government has permitted there since the invasion of East Timor by Indonesian troops in December 1975.

The Australians made random inspections of villages and even visited eleven sites suggested by pro-Fretilin Timorese. Included on their itinerary was the Indonesian Army's detention center for insurgents at Atauro, of which the delegation's majority report said, "While its inhabitants are obviously being held against their will, the physical conditions under which they live are moderately comfortable, and the people of Atauro looked as well fed and dressed as the villagers in other areas visited in East and West Timor." The delegation concluded that there was "no evidence of fighting" and that the atmosphere was "relatively relaxed."

But on August 8, a group of about fifty Civil Guards (Hansip) ambushed fifteen unarmed sappers from an Indonesian Army engineering unit and slit their throats. According to Susumu Awanohara of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, the Civil Guards were Fretilin members who had come down from the hills in response to the government's appeals. Three other Fretilin attacks were reported to have occurred about the same time.

These attacks prompted Indonesian authorities to replace their military commander in East Timor, Colonel Purwanto, with a member of the elite Red Beret corps, Colonel Rudito. Both men are Roman Catholics, an important consideration in this former Portuguese colony, where the majority of the population is Catholic. Colonel Purwanto had been negotiating with Fretilin leaders since the beginning of this year and advocated a conciliatory policy toward former Fretilin guerrillas. His replacement by Colonel Rudito, together with reports that reinforcements have been sent to the Indonesian garrison in East Timor, signals a return to the hard line.

Ironically, the Australian officials' cautious optimism about the human rights situation in East Timor may push the issue off the U.N. General Assembly's agenda. Amnesty International's London representative Margo Pickens says that such a move would be a mistake. The issue should be kept before the United Nations "as a guarantee that the people of East Timor are protected and safeguarded."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

As it happens, I went to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich. That's right. Who's Marc Rich? Is that what you said? The question, if I may say so, reveals an abysmal ignorance of world affairs. Marc Rich happens to be the reclusive, enigmatic, fabulously wealthy commodities trader who was just accused by the government of flimflamming it out of $48 million in taxes and is now believed to be hiding out in Zug, Switzerland, or maybe Spain. That's who. I went to Boy Scout camp with him, in Missouri. In 1949. We lived in the same tent. The name of the camp was Camp Osceola, B.S.A. It was where Boy Scouts from Kansas City went to camp. I can tell that you don't believe any of this.

One reason you don't believe it is that you think I make things up. I do make things up—I made up that thing about Ronald Reagan's son shouting "Hiya, Dad!" to a man on Fifth Avenue who turned out to be Joel McCrea—but I didn't make this up. The other reason you don't believe me is that all of the stories you've read about Marc Rich talk about how he came to this country with his family from Europe during the war and grew up in Brooklyn with his friend Pincus (Pinky) Green—also a fabulously wealthy commodities trader now, although only marginally enigmatic—and life as a Kansas City Boy Scout doesn't fit your picture of the young Marc trading some Borough Park candy store owner one used Batman comic for enough egg creams to float the entire stickball team. All of the stories you've read, that is, unless you happened to read the story in *The Kansas City Times* on October 5 which revealed that before moving to Brooklyn, Marc Rich's family lived in Kansas City for six years ("Mr. Rich's life-style apparently was nurtured in Kansas City, where he spent his formative years, investigators said") and that for two years Marc went to Southwest High School, which is where I went and where, as long as we're on the subject, David Douglas Duncan went, and also Charlie Black, who played basketball for the University of Kansas. *The Kansas City Times* did not reveal the Camp Osceola angle. I'm revealing that now. Marc Rich and I were at Osceola together. Not Pincus Green. I'm not one of those people who can remember every tiny event of their childhood, but I can tell you that there was nobody at Camp Osceola called Pinky.

Still don't believe me? Then do this. Ask someone who attended the second session of Camp Osceola in 1949 about this incident: After lunch one day, Skipper Macy—the director of the camp, and the man who always said "fine and dandy"—got on the subject of languages. Don't ask me why; I already told you that I don't remember every little detail. Skipper tried to find out which camper spoke the most languages—ordinarily, I'll admit, that was not a question that provoked intense competition at Osceola—and which camper do you think was finally called up on stage and slapped on the back by Skipper and told that it was fine and dandy? Right. Marc Rich. You have probably already guessed which Troop 61 Boy Scout—known up to that time mainly for his inability to do knots—said, "And to think . . . we're in the same tent." Right again. Me.

I hope you don't think I'm bringing this up to get a little reflected fame from the fact that my life style was nurtured in the same tent as the life style of the defendant in the single largest tax evasion case in the history of the Republic—like those people in Kansas City who say they bought a necktie at Harry Truman's haberdashery on 31st and Main. If everyone who says he bought a necktie from Harry Truman really had bought one, the store wouldn't have gone broke, and Harry Truman wouldn't have gone to the Senate, and Roosevelt would have been succeeded by William O. Douglas, and Clifton Daniels would be married to the daughter of a man who was known as "The Cravat King of K.C."

The reason I'm telling you this is that the public should hear about Marc Rich from someone who actually knew him—instead of from all of those people who told *The Kansas City Times* that they couldn't quite remember which one he was. We were at Camp Osceola together, in the same tent. We actually sang the same song together at campfires. The song went like this:

> Softly falls the light of day,
> As our campfire fades away.
> Silently, each scout should ask,
> "Have I done my daily task?
> Have I kept my honor bright?
> Can I guiltless rest tonight?
> Have I done and have I dared
> Everything to be prepared?"

Now do you believe me?

I want you to know that what I am revealing about Marc Rich at Camp Osceola would be of no value to the F.B.I., which already knows that Marc speaks more languages than most Kansas City Boy Scouts and may even know that I can't do knots. I wouldn't rat on a pal. If I ratted on a pal, I couldn't guiltless rest tonight. I do think, though, that the public has a right to know about the Camp Osceola angle. I can just imagine the questions the reporters from *The Kansas City Times*—not to speak of *The New York Times*—would have asked me had they but known that Marc Rich and I were in the same tent. They would want to know if Marc and I—on campfire nights, as the fire was burning down to embers—talked about crude-oil prices and arbitrage. They would want to know if Marc tried to snooker any campers out of their canteen money. They would want to know whether Marc was elected to the Great Tribe of Mic-o-Say—whose song, sung to the tune of "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," went "Oh come all ye tribesmen, braves and mighty warriors, oh come ye, oh come ye, to the Great Mic-o-Say"—and, if so, whether the Indian name he adopted (since all tribesmen adopted an Indian name) was something like He Who Buys Cheap and Sells Dear, or maybe Brave Who Cooks the Books. They would want to hear from someone who really knew Marc Rich. That's why I'm revealing all of this.

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ARTICLES.

WALESA'S NOBEL PRIZE

Honor the Man—And the Movement

DANIEL SINGER

Hardly had the Nobel Peace Prize committee announced that Solidarity leader Lech Walesa was its 1983 laureate but President Reagan and other cold warriors began praising the choice as another victory for the free world. We asked Daniel Singer to give us a view from the European left.
—The Editors

The awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to Lech Walesa was belated. If it had been bestowed a year earlier, it would have been seen as a clear condemnation of the military coup in Poland and a tribute to the workers' resistance. Honoring Walesa was obviously a political act. The Swedish jurors are not in the habit of hailing labor heroes in the struggle against capitalism. When French labor leader Léon Jouhaux won the Peace Prize in 1951, it was for splitting the French labor movement.

But better late than never, and, intentionally or not, the Stockholm jury has paid a tribute to the Polish working class, whose struggle during the last thirteen years has opened up possibilities of change throughout the Soviet bloc. Walesa is neither the man of marble nor the man of iron; he is the man of the movement. A man of action rather than a theoretician, a leader who hears voices but keeps his eye on the main chance, he is intimately connected with the struggle of the workers. He is also more than just a symbol of Polish resistance.

In a way, he exemplifies a Polish labor movement in transition. Though he just turned 40 last month, Walesa was considered the "old man" by his fellow strikers. Many of his younger colleagues are about to cross the frontier that separates laborers from technicians, while he has only crossed the one between countryman and townsman, and he retains the peasant's sly wit. He has participated in all phases of the workers' battle in Poland. In the winter of 1970, when the shipyard workers won in blood the right to question publicly the government's economic policies, Walesa was a member of the strike committee in Gdansk. Six years later he took part in the next wave of protests. In 1978 he was one of the handful of workers who, inspired by KOR, the Workers' Defense Committee, formed the provisional body that laid the groundwork for Solidarity.

His great moment came on August 14, 1980. When he climbed over the fence of the Lenin Shipyard, he entered the pages of history. After those seventeen days that are still shaking the Soviet world, he signed the Gdansk agreement, in which the Polish Communist Party agreed to allow workers to form an independent union. During the occupation of the shipyard, he demonstrated an extraordinary capacity for gauging the mood of the strikers, for knowing how far they would go. His reply whenever a proposal was brought to him was: "If I go to the gates [where the strikers gathered] they will applaud me or they will sweep me aside."

In the following sixteen months, he was the undoubted, though certainly not the undisputed, leader of Solidarity. It can be argued that during this period the movement, like its leader, showed more talent for riding out the storm than for mobilizing for long-term projects. But we should remember that by mid-1981 Solidarity had sketched the outline of a national program of democratic socialism based on worker councils and worker-managed factories. On December 13 of that year, General Jaruzelski's tanks put an end to plans for social experiments.

Solidarity was crushed, and most of its leaders were arrested. All Jaruzelski needed to turn a successful coup into a temporary political victory was Walesa's blessing, his surrender. Walesa's silence during his imprisonment was deafening, and his stature among the Polish people grew. When he was released last November amid hints of a deal between the Catholic Church and the state, Walesa revealed another side. He is a devout, practicing Catholic, loyal to the church, but he is first of all a labor leader. Unlike the church, he is not immortal. He knew that too great a compromise would destroy his power, so he refused to be the puppet leader of a phony labor union.

After Pope John Paul II's visit to Poland this summer,

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

Daniel Singer, The Nation*'s European correspondent, is the author of* The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

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many political analysts consigned Walesa to the ashcan of history. More recently, the Polish government tried to dismiss him as an insignificant private citizen while simultaneously mobilizing its propaganda machine to blacken him with accusations that he had a million dollars hidden somewhere outside the country. The reply to all this official mendacity was the standing ovation the crowds at Gdansk stadium gave him when he went there to watch a soccer game in late September.

Walesa is as strong and as weak as the movement he stands for. Solidarity, driven underground, can no longer paralyze the economy, but the regime can no longer mobilize the workers. Walesa is no longer in a position to dictate terms, but by refusing to deal with the spokesman of Poland's only genuine union, the government has deprived itself of its only chance to carry out reforms. The free labor movement is only temporarily defeated, and it is still resilient. That is why Poland is not "normalized" like Czechoslovakia, and that is why hope continues to flicker in the Soviet bloc.

Following the announcement of his Nobel prize, Walesa was lionized by the cold warriors, and it is the left's job to prevent them from making him their own. We should remind the public that ten years ago a Nobel jury did not award the Peace Prize to Salvador Allende. Let us tell the jurors that they have made a good start; in years to come they should honor other labor leaders in other parts of the world. The hypocritical admirers of Solidarity should be urged to follow its advice and institute worker control of factories, with management personnel who are elected by the employees, not appointed from above. The word should be spread among the people of Latin America that KOR leader Adam Michnik, who is awaiting trial, sent greetings from his Polish jail cell to the Chilean freedom fighters. We should cut through all the complications and say, simply, that our struggle is a shared one, that Walesa is a fighter against the establishment, that the saga of Solidarity and the continuing battle of the Polish labor movement are reminders in these gloomy times that history has not come to a full stop—in Poland or elsewhere. □

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THE 'DELUGE' IS OVER

Oil Aftershock In Venezuela

J.E. MURRAY

Caracas

This city doesn't look as if it's in the midst of a full-fledged economic crisis. To the visitor it seems like a suburb of Miami. Restaurants are crowded, traffic clogs the streets, and the stores are full of imported luxuries. To see the Venezuelan crisis you have to go to the port of La Guaira. Seven months ago, the horizon was dotted with ships waiting for berth space to unload, and Venezuela was importing $13 billion worth of goods annually. Today there is dock space going begging. But the cantinas where dockworkers gather are crowded with thousands of stevedores idled by a 60 percent drop in cargoes.

During the decade of the *auge petrolera* (petroleum deluge), Venezuelans came to believe in the miracle of sudden wealth. Now, as a popular story has it, they think windfall oil profits are merely good luck; a miracle is finding someone capable of managing them.

Still, there is all that oil in the ground—fuel for dreams. People hope another miracle will occur: that the International Monetary Fund will bail Venezuela out with a minimum of conditions, perhaps, or that the new president, who will be chosen December 4, will come up with a magic formula for solving the country's problems. Or maybe, contrary to all projections, oil prices will rise again and the deluge will return.

President Luis Herrera Campíns has contributed to the deceptive calm in Caracas by doing nothing about the economic crisis, but the pain is now spreading throughout the general populace. Twenty percent of the work force is unemployed (an independent survey showed that thirty-one large firms had laid off anywhere from 17 percent to 50 percent of their employees in the past year). Most of those who lost their jobs received severance pay under the Law of Unjustified Dismissals, a populist measure put through by former President Carlos Andrés Perez in 1974, but the money won't last forever.

Imports, upon which the Venezuelan economy is heavily dependent, have plummeted—everything from pharmaceuticals to tractor parts. The national unit of currency, the bolivar, which had been convertible at the rate of 4.3 to the dollar for twenty years, fell to 17 to the dollar in the open market in February (it is now 9.95 to the dollar), and only drastic price controls have kept inflation from tripling. That has made goods from abroad prohibitively expensive, and suppliers demand payment in advance—in dollars.

Once the land of the megaproject, Venezuela now has

J.E. Murray is the pseudonym of a journalist who works for a weekly business publication on Latin America.

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8,000 unemployed engineers. Plans for new bridges, dams, roads—even whole communities—that were hatched in more prosperous times have been canceled. An $8 billion crude-oil refinery complex in the Orinoco Basin, which would have been developed with the participation of several U.S. firms, including Bechtel and C.E. Lummus, has been put on ice.

Even before the current crisis, multinational corporations were reluctant to open plants in Venezuela. For one thing, the country's population is too small—only 15.6 million—to provide a profitable market. Also, the government adheres to the Andean Pact, which restricts the amount of profits multinationals may take out of the country, prohibits them from investing in certain economic sectors (for example, television and newspapers) and requires foreign investors to "fade down" their ownership of new enterprises over a period of time so that local investors will end up owning a majority of the stock. Finally, since wages are higher in Venezuela than in most Third World countries and almost all parts used in manufacturing must be imported, goods produced here cannot be sold on world markets at competitive prices. Many of the foreign companies that have plants here have developed contingency plans for pulling out. Thousands of local manufacturers, crushed by high dollar debts, rising costs and fixed prices, are on the verge of bankruptcy.

Politicians of the two major parties, Acción Democrática (A.D.) and Copei, have been profiting, however. Since 1976, when the state took control of more than 60 percent of the economy, politics has been the royal road to wealth. Government officials award contracts to companies in which they have an interest, wangle low-interest loans and accept bribes. A recently published congressional committee report exposed extensive bipartisan corruption among the union and party bureaucrats who ran the Banco de los Trabajadores. The bank, in which unions owned a 57 percent share, was the nation's third largest financial institution until the government forced it to cease operations early this year.

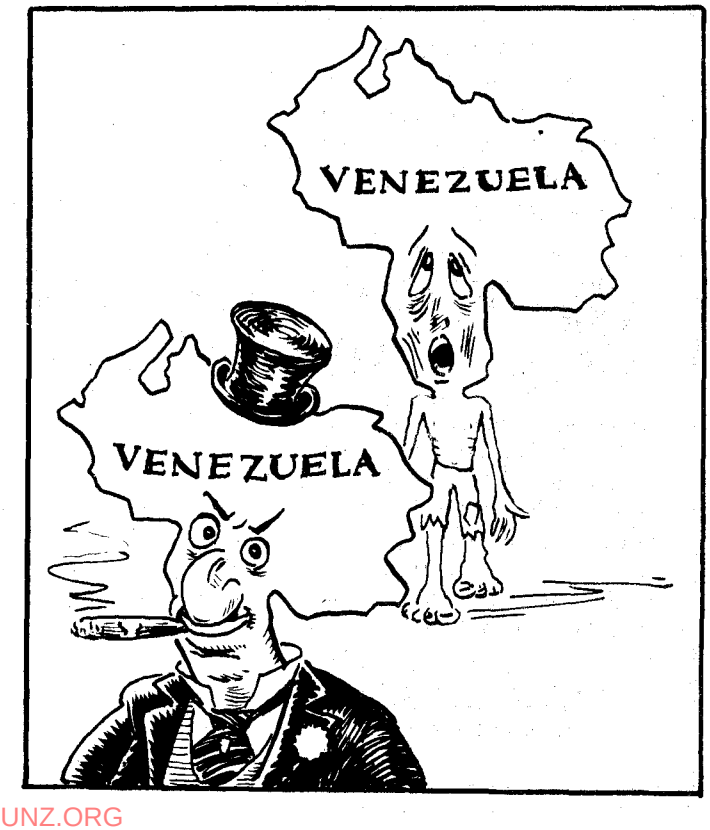
There are some honest men in Venezuelan politics. All the candidates for president are free of the taint of scandal. They are also innocent of ideas about how to run the economy. In other countries the political spectrum spans the right, the center and the left; in Venezuela it embraces the tired (Rafael Caldera of the Copei), the pedestrian (Jaime Lusinchi of the A.D.) and the undistinguished (Teodoro Petkoff of the leftish Movimiento al Socialismo). The four other candidates, from much smaller parties, fall into the "pedestrian" category.

In the early polls Lusinchi was far ahead, reflecting the public's lack of confidence in the administration of Copei President Herrera Campíns. The pollsters' predictions of an A.D. landslide failed to take into account the deep divisions within the party. Lusinchi won the nomination after an intraparty battle with followers of Carlos Andrés Perez, President from 1974 to 1978. But Perez—popularly known as "Cap"—remains a powerful political figure. He still has allies within the party, many of whom he appointed to public office. Yet many Venezuelans believe that his policies caused the economic crisis.

The divisions within the A.D. are evident in the differences in the views of its most prominent figures. They range from social democrat Luis Matos Azocar, a new face in the party, who preaches the old-time religion of increased government intervention in the economy, to Perezistas like Carmelo Lauria and Hector Hurtado, who call for reduced intervention and who seem to echo Fedecamaras, a lobbying group which represents privately owned businesses. Intraparty disputes have weakened the A.D.'s campaign organization, and Lusinchi's early twenty-point lead has been cut in half. Fearing that the conflict between Lusinchi and the Perezistas was contributing to his decline in the polls, A.D. publicists came up with a poster showing Lusinchi and Cap with their arms around each other. One disillusioned A.D. member calls it the *"Jaime: 'Et tu?'"* poster, referring to the party's slogan *"Jaime es como tu"* ("Jaime is like you").

As the A.D. campaign faltered, Copei candidate Rafael Caldera gained strength. At 69, he is a patriarchal figure in the party, and he has used his prestige to heal rifts among his followers. Caldera, who served as President from 1969 to 1973, is attempting the difficult feat of distancing himself from Herrera without attacking the party. The Copei's problems are more generational than philosophical: there is no room for young people at the top level of party leadership.

Neither Lusinchi nor Caldera has much background in economics, and both refuse to provide specifics about the policies they would pursue if elected. They also avoid discussing Venezuela's future. The most either will promise is to be "less bad" than the other. As a result, the campaign has degenerated into a referendum on who is responsible for the present economic mess. If Venezuelans decide to blame



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the A.D., Lusinchi will lose; if they decide to blame the incumbents, Caldera will lose.

But in either case the real losers will, as usual, be the majority of Venezuelans.

It is easier to understand Venezuela's economic dilemma than it is to apportion blame for it. In 1973, petroleum prices tripled. Three years later the government nationalized the oil industry and drew up a plan for development based on the export of petroleum, steel, iron and aluminum. As has happened in several other petroleum-exporting countries (notably Indonesia, Iran, Nigeria and Mexico), the rapid expansion of the economy created grandiose expectations, and the government launched a series of projects without having the money to pay for them. When the funds ran out, foreign banks were eager to lend the government money—sometimes on disadvantageous terms. Forty percent of Venezuela's debts are short term, with interest rates averaging 11 percent. Now, after years of high interest rates and with oil selling at rock-bottom prices, Juan Pablo Pérez Alfonso, one of the founders of OPEC, looks like a prophet. In 1976, before oil prices collapsed, he told an American political scientist, Terry Karl, "I call petroleum 'the devil's excrement.' It brings trouble. Look around you. Look at this *locura*—waste, corruption, consumption, our public services falling apart. . . . And debt, debt we shall have for years. . . . This boom hasn't brought us any benefits. None. This money has not made us better Venezuelans. The conditions of our lives are no better. We are drowning in the devil's excrement."*

Venezuela, like most oil-exporting countries, made the mistake of investing in capital-intensive and vertically integrated industries (e.g., refining and petrochemicals), and placed too much emphasis on increasing its exports. Its economic planners stressed industrial growth instead of income redistribution, industrial diversification and agricultural self-sufficiency. (Venezuela must import more than 60 percent of its food.) An economy based on the export of oil requires a highly skilled work force paid at internationally competitive rates. The oil industry, whose local labor force is very small (only 1 percent of all Venezuelan workers), has become a separate enclave, contributing little to the rest of the economy.

The oil boom created two Venezuelas: one is rich and dependent on the state, the other is poor and dependent on the rich and the state. The distance between these two worlds is as wide as the Orinoco River. Venezuelan intellectuals are isolated from the rest of the population, and produce less scholarship, less fiction and less art about the country's poor, its working class, its economy than those of any other country in Latin America. The most important book on Venezuelan industry, *El Desafio Industrial de Venezuela*, was written by two Chileans, Sergio Bitar and Eduardo Troncoso.

This much is known about the Venezuelan masses: 37 percent of the population live below the official poverty line, 42 percent are functionally illiterate, 58 percent of working women are single heads of households, 9.5 percent of all Venezuelans under the age of 15 suffer from malnutrition, and gross domestic production per capita has declined more than 20 percent since 1978. Half the population have always been poor, but they are relatively poorer now than they were before the oil boom.

The "other" Venezuela has no strong defenders in the political arena. The Confederation of Venezuelan Workers is compromised by its ties to the A.D. and hampered by its lack of militancy. The unions' power is limited by a collective bargaining system that discourages industrywide strikes and a dues-collection system that makes long strikes almost impossible. They have also been chastened by high unemployment. Contract settlements this year have been a plutocrat's picnic: three-year contracts containing moderate wage increases and productivity clauses have been the rule. As one labor consultant put it, "Venezuelan producers have a lot of things to worry about. But class struggle isn't one of them. Yet."

No one sees an alternative to the two major parties on the horizon. Between them they will probably get 75 percent of the vote on December 4. But there is widespread fear that violent protests over unemployment and inflation will break out in the coming months (prices are expected to rise 20 percent this year, 30 percent next year). "There will be trouble," a Caracas-based foreign journalist predicted. "Strikes, price riots. Nothing major. But alarms. The whole system is a time bomb."

Among the things that worry the business community is the rescheduling of Venezuela's $33 billion foreign debt. Fractious discussions between the government and the banks' steering committee have been going on since March. The government has called in Dr. I.M.F., but its proposed cure for Venezuela's financial ills is tough medicine: adopting a unified exchange rate, including the private sector's $8 billion foreign debt in the restructuring, lifting price controls, imposing restraints on wage increases, repealing import controls and reducing state participation in the economy. This bitter pill would ease some executive headaches, but the business community is uneasy. "We all want austerity—for everyone else," said an auto parts manufacturer. "The question is, How much will workers give up before they rebel? How long will the engineers, technicians and doctors stay before they emigrate?"

"It was bad timing," a lawyer said. "I feel like we got caught: the interest rates, the world recession. If we'd just had more time."

The boom in Venezuela, unlike the silver boom, the rubber boom, the guano boom and all the others, was supposed to last forever. Venezuela would beat the development clock. Other countries got caught—population outraced national wealth, or technology outraced nature, or expectations outraced performance, or social weaknesses outraced institutional strengths. But Venezuelans believed that money would buy time and that they would be able to solve all their problems.

*Quoted in Karl's unpublished dissertation, "The Political Economy of Petrodollars: Oil and Democracy in Venezuela."

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Venezuela's tragedy is that its pell-mell rush to development has made it more, not less, dependent on foreign capital. It used to wait for decisions to be made in the board rooms of the Seven Sisters; today it waits for decisions to be made in the offices of the bankers. Time was not for sale. □

NATIONAL SECURITY WIRETAPS

How Do We Know FISA Is Working?

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

Every President since Franklin D. Roosevelt has abused the power to use electronic surveillance in national security matters. In an attempt to impose restraints on this power, Congress passed the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978 (FISA). Since the law was signed by President Carter five years ago this month, some stock-taking seems in order.

Like most reform legislation, FISA was passed in the wake of a scandal. When hearings in 1975 before Senator Frank Church's committee investigating intelligence agencies revealed the myriad outrages perpetrated by U.S. intelligence agencies in the name of national security, civil libertarians jumped at the all-too-rare opportunity to impose some controls. The Ford and Carter Administrations agreed to some restrictions for fear that outraged public opinion would impel Congress to impose stricter ones. After almost three years of intensive negotiations involving Congress, both Administrations and civil liberties groups, a compromise was hammered out that allows electronic surveillance in this country for the purpose of gathering intelligence about foreign powers and foreign agents. Under FISA, the Justice Department must obtain an order from one of seven specially designated Federal judges, who constitute a special court, authorizing any foreign intelligence electronic surveillance. Hearings on the government's applications are conducted in secret. The law forbids eavesdropping on American citizens, except if they are suspected of engaging in intelligence activities for a foreign power that involve violations of criminal statutes.

Since FISA took effect, the judges have issued authorizations for nearly 1,500 surveillances, but we have little idea of how well the law is working. What we do know, however, is disquieting.

For example:

§ During the nineteen months the Carter Administration used FISA, the government obtained 529 surveillance orders. Because some of them were extensions of earlier orders, it is difficult to determine how many bugs and taps were installed in those years, how many people were targeted and how many of them were Americans.

§ In 1981 and 1982, the first two years of the Reagan Administration, the number of surveillance orders granted by the judges rose to 433 and 475, respectively. Why? Were the additional taps and bugs used to eavesdrop on American citizens?

§ The judges have not denied a single government application. Is the special court a rubber stamp?

§ Reports of intelligence taps have surfaced in criminal cases, but the courts have done almost nothing to insure that FISA, which establishes looser procedures than are required for criminal prosecutions, is not being used for law enforcement purposes.

Because the special judges' proceedings are secret, it is hard to evaluate how well they are doing their job. The statute called for annual assessments by Congressional intelligence committees for five years to determine how it is working, but Malcolm Wallop says that the Senate Intelligence Committee, of which he is a member, has never even "met to consider how FISA has functioned." Members of both the House and Senate committees have stated publicly that few Americans have been targeted, but the history of Congressional oversight in national security and foreign intelligence matters gives one little reason for confidence in those assurances. According to Senator Joseph Biden Jr., who gave some of those assurances, the Senate Intelligence Committee has never examined the special judges' authorizations in individual cases to determine whether the government's applications complied with the statute or whether the surveillance orders were properly issued; the House Intelligence Committee checked what it considered a "representative number" of authorizations and pronounced itself satisfied.

To shed some light on how the law is functioning, Representative Bob Kastenmeier of the House Judiciary Committee held hearings on June 8 and 9. Testifying were a judge of the special court, a Justice Department representative and Morton Halperin and Mark Lynch of the Center for National Security Studies. Not surprisingly, most of the testimony was not very informative. What information did emerge from the hearings was not reassuring, however.

The Justice Department representative, counsel for intelligence policy Mary Lawton, disclosed little of consequence. Judge George L. Hart Jr. of the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia, who served as the special court's first chief judge, refused to say very much, but his testimony was still revealing.

Hart's appointment to the court exemplifies one of the main problems with FISA—the judges themselves. The members of the special court were chosen by Chief Justice Warren Burger, who showed a preference for government-oriented judges like Hart and the present chief judge, John Lewis Smith Jr. Morton Halperin, who played a key role in the enactment of FISA, pointed out to the House committee that in making his appointments the Chief Justice did not consult as widely as he was expected to.

One indication of the special court's complaisant attitude toward government requests for surveillance orders is the

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fact that it has authorized physical searches. Shortly after FISA went into effect on October 25, 1978, the Justice Department asked Judge Hart for permission to conduct such a search, even though the act applies only to searches by an "electronic, mechanical or other surveillance device." Hart readily complied—as did other special judges to subsequent requests. Upon learning of this expansion of the statute, the Senate Intelligence Committee criticized Hart and the other judges. After "further thought," as he put it, Hart decided he did not have the authority to issue break-in warrants after all. On June 3, 1981, the Justice Department sent him a formal memorandum along those lines, and a week later the judge issued an opinion declining the authority to authorize break-ins, which followed the reasoning of the memorandum.

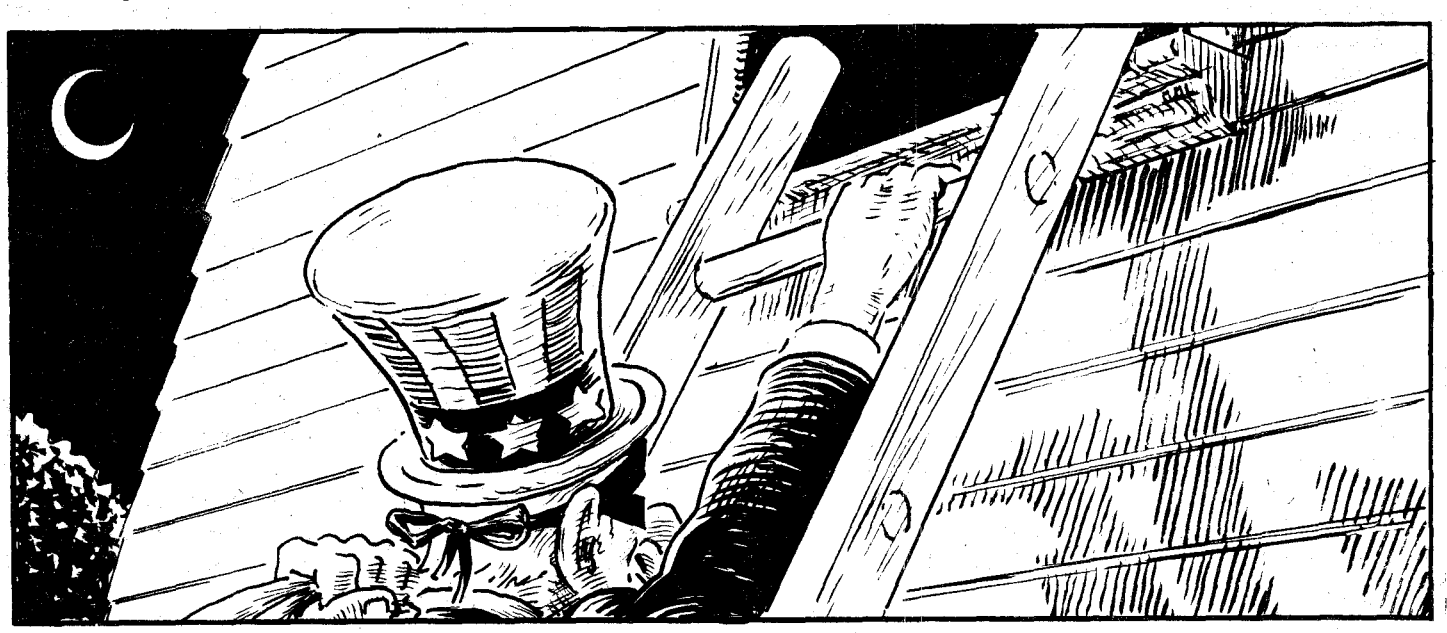
At the Kastenmeier hearings, Judge Hart refused to answer almost every question of substance on grounds of national security. He showed great deference toward the Justice Department, praising the "dedicated personnel" there for doing a "wonderful job" on their requests for surveillance orders. It seems never to have occurred to him that a member of the department might abuse the law or try to stretch it. He seemed oblivious to the department's record of flagrant surveillance abuses under almost every President since Woodrow Wilson. It was the Justice Department, after all, that authorized the Federal Bureau of Investigation to tap and bug Martin Luther King Jr. That occurred under Attorney General Robert Kennedy, a nominal liberal. But Judge Hart seems to have long had a tolerant attitude toward the department. When Richard Kleindienst came before him in 1974 to be sentenced for having perjured himself in testimony to a Congressional committee about Richard Nixon's effort to influence the department's handling of the I.T.T. antitrust case, Hart imposed a $100 fine and offered the Attorney General heaps of sympathy.

Judge Hart told the committee that the special court exercises no supervision after taps and bugs are installed. Consequently, there is no way of knowing if Federal agents observe the provisions in the act that limit the number of conversations they may overhear, record and disseminate to other Federal and state agencies and that seek to minimize the intrusiveness of a surveillance. Although FISA authorizes the judges on the special court to "assess the Government's compliance with the minimization procedures," Hart said that the court reviews only the Justice Department's general procedures and does not seek to determine if the government has complied with the law in specific surveillances.

Judicial diffidence in the face of the government's national security claims is responsible for another worrisome development. Prior to 1978, when FISA was enacted, criminal defendants would not infrequently discover that they had been overheard on so-called national security wiretaps. The government always claimed that the taps had nothing to do with the criminal case, but in some instances that claim was ludicrous. In the F.B.I. investigation of the Jewish Defense League, for example, a massive "national security" surveillance on every telephone line in the group's office continued for a month after the start of a criminal prosecution for bombing the offices of Amtorg, a Soviet trading firm in New York City, and ended only after the existence of the taps was revealed by the government.

FISA procedures are less stringent than those under the act authorizing law enforcement wiretapping. The enactment of FISA has thus not eliminated the incentive to use intelligence gathering authority improperly to obtain evidence for criminal prosecutions. The few courts that have dealt with this problem have made it so easy for the prosecution to successfully deny misuse of FISA that in this respect the government is under no restraints at all. These courts have made their decisions turn on ascertaining the government's "primary purpose," an elusive standard at best. Since the decisions are made without any participation by the defendants, the judges hear only the government's side, without its being subjected to cross-examination.

Some trial court rulings on such evidence have been simply implausible. In a case involving I.R.A. gunrunning in this country, for example, a Federal court in Brooklyn held that



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evidence obtained by wiretaps authorized under FISA would be admissible because the government's "primary purpose" in obtaining it had been to collect intelligence information, not to prosecute American supporters of the I.R.A. Yet, for some time before the taps were installed, the U.S. government had been pressed by the governments of Ireland and Great Britain to bring criminal proceedings against Americans who were supplying guns to the I.R.A., and the targets of the surveillance were indeed indicted and tried.

Not even mentioned at the Kastenmeier hearings was the massive surveillance program carried out by the National Security Agency, which was exposed by the Church Committee and discussed in James Bamford's book *The Puzzle Palace*. In the early 1970s, the N.S.A. participated in President Nixon's war on drugs and worked with the Central Intelligence Agency under Operation Chaos to spy on protesters against the Vietnam War. For thirty years the N.S.A. ran its own surveillance program, known as Operation Shamrock, under which international cable companies turned over all their cable traffic to the agency. The information thus obtained was then disseminated to other Federal agencies, including the Justice Department, which used it in criminal prosecutions. N.S.A. surveillances touched not only suspected drug dealers but also antiwar activists, civil rights workers, Cuban exiles and such prominent Americans as Dr. Benjamin Spock, Joan Baez, Martin Luther King Jr. and Jane Fonda.

After the Church Committee exposed its illegal activity, the agency promised to mend its ways. But by taking advantage of loopholes in FISA, it is still engaging in electronic monitoring. The extent of its activities and whether they involve abuses like those committed in the past are not known, partly because the courts have blocked inquiries into N.S.A. procedures by allowing the government to invoke the "state secrets" privilege.

Obviously judicial scrutiny and legislative oversight of the administration of FISA are essential if the act is to achieve its purposes. Since there is no requirement in the act that targets of surveillance must be notified in all cases, there is little chance that anyone will challenge the legality of a tap or bug. Judge Hart's testimony, scanty as it was, provides little reassurance about judicial oversight. And Congress has not done what Morton Halperin has urged it to do: "insist upon a right of access, which . . . the statute clearly contemplated . . . insist upon seeing the full text of the whole record in some number of cases, randomly selected." Moreover, the annual reports by the House and Senate intelligence committees are no longer required by the act.

This is not to say there have been abuses. We just don't know. It may well be that most surveillance orders have been permissible under the law. The mere existence of FISA and its provisions for some external checks has probably forestalled some of the more egregious abuses. But the statute, with its elaborate provisions for judicial scrutiny and legislative oversight, was passed not just for easy cases but also for those where a careful look is both appropriate and necessary. As things stand, that hard look is missing. □

Presidential

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

tics, denials of unpleasant facts and flat untruths.

§ Reagan repeatedly exaggerates—or, to use Huck Finn's word, he tells "stretchers." They often contain a kernel of truth, but not much more. Yes, taxes as a percentage of the gross national product rose from 1960 to 1981 (kernel), but they didn't *double*, as Reagan has said (10.4 percent to 12 percent are the accurate numbers). Yes, Governor Reagan won handily in 1970 (kernel), but not "by almost" the same million-vote margin he won by in 1966 (it was 501,000 votes). And yes, Pope John Paul II mentioned Poland in a letter he sent to Reagan following the crackdown on Solidarity (kernel), but the Vatican has denied that the Pontiff approved of retaliatory U.S. sanctions against Moscow, as Reagan's "stretcher" had it. In each instance, the President's puffing was needed to make his point. The truth—that taxes as a percentage of the G.N.P. rose slightly, that Reagan's winning margin decreased by half and that the Pope sent merely a courteous letter—was not enough.

§ Reagan brings to mind Franz Kafka's remark about Martin Buber: "No matter what he says, something is missing." His statements are peppered with what lawyers call "material omissions." At a March 1982 press conference, for example, he said the poor wouldn't suffer as a result of his budget cuts because the Federal budget was increasing by $32 billion; what he didn't say was that *all* of the increase was for military spending. The President has repeatedly claimed that expenditures for the food stamp program have risen "16,000 percent," without acknowledging that he is using the cost of the experimental program, which was limited to a few counties, as a base point. (Did you know that George Bush has increased thirtyfold in weight? Sounds like an obese Bush, but not if the comparison is between his weight at birth and his weight now.)

§ Reagan frequently resorts to apocryphal anecdotes. Despite the Talmudic caveat that "for example is not evidence," we are given battalions of welfare queens, students investing their education loans in money market funds, rich children getting free school lunches. Are these telling stories, or is Reagan telling stories? At times a story seems too perfect to be true—and it isn't. The President told a Des Moines audience that a New York congressman had proposed "that government should confiscate all food and divide it equally among all the people because food was a natural resource belonging to everyone." When asked for documentation, the White House said, "The story was not true. The President intended it as a joke." But the joke was

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on the audience, which took the tale seriously.

§ Reagan often employs what could be called voodoo statistics. When he wants to exaggerate a figure—such as the growth of Federal spending—he always uses numbers not adjusted for inflation ("In the last ten years, Federal spending has increased more than 300 percent"). When he wants to minimize a figure, he either adjusts it for inflation (military spending will increase a "real" 10 percent) or gives it as a percentage of something to make it look small (his budget deficit is "only" 5 percent of the G.N.P.). Or he simply inflates numbers. Remember the statement he made at a press conference that 57 percent of the stores investigated by the Department of Agriculture violated the rules of the food stamp program? But the department had investigated only those stores about which it had *already* received information about possible violations—2 percent of all stores. So the more likely percentage of stores that violate the rules is not 57 percent but 1 percent.

§ Another kind of Reagan error is the denial of fact. In a scene in Mel Brooks's film *Young Frankenstein*, Frankenstein expresses sympathy to his assistant Igor about the huge hump on his back. Replies Igor with a straight face, "What hump?" When it comes to stonewalling bad news, Reagan is Igor. After the 1982 midterm elections, the President pronounced himself satisfied: "There was nothing to suggest a need to change the basic course." Nothing? How about the largest midterm loss in the House for a first-term President (twenty-six seats) in a quarter of a century? And when scandal rocked the Environmental Protection Agency early this year, he said the problem was unfair press reports; within three weeks of that statement, thirteen top officials at the agency had resigned or been forced out.

§ Finally, there is the *summum malum* of misstatements—flat untruths. President Reagan has said that the United States decreased military spending in real terms over the past decade; that Leonid Brezhnev was the first person to propose a nuclear freeze; that he's increased the budget of the WIC food-supplement program for women, infants and children; that John Hinckley Jr. bought his gun in a jurisdiction with a strict gun registration law; that Vietnam vets aren't entitled to benefits under the G.I. Bill of Rights; that submarine-launched nuclear missiles are recallable; that the United States has as much forest area today as it did 200 years ago; that his Administration hasn't "touched" Social Security; and that the Federal education budget hasn't been cut. None of those statements are true.

Do all these examples mean that Ronald Reagan is a liar? No. Using St. Augustine's definition of lying as having one thing in your heart and another in your head, Reagan is telling the truth—not *our* truth, but *his* truth. He'd pass a polygraph test because, in a triumph of belief over reality, he seems to have convinced himself that all his contrived anecdotes and funny numbers are roughly true.

Is Reagan reckless or negligent with the truth? Here, with sincerity not a defense, one can make a good case that he is both. Exhibit One is the forthcoming book *There He Goes Again*, in which my colleagues and I have documented some 300 errors, creating a strong presumption that the President either should have known his facts were wrong (negligent) or didn't care (reckless). Exhibit Two is his recidivism—his repetition of errors even after they have been pointed out to him (e.g., his claims that he vastly reduced the welfare rolls in California and that he's appointed more women to top Federal posts than any other President). Exhibit Three is the way he uncritically passes along as fact information he has picked up the way a vacuum cleaner does lint. When White House communications director David R. Gergen was quizzed about the source of the President's assertion that children were getting free school lunches in a community where the average income was $75,000, Gergen replied, "He heard it at a dinner party." Campaign aides from 1980 recall Michael Deaver hiding copies of *Human Events* from Reagan because of his tendency simply to repeat information from that ultraconservative and not very credible publication. Exhibit Four is the fact that all his errors coincidentally lampoon big government, Democrats and the Russians—and laud Republicans, conservatives and himself. Is there a method to his badness?

To answer that question requires an understanding of why Reagan errs so often. Though his motives are generally mixed and murky, President-watchers must try to decipher them in order to spur better Presidential performance—or at least expose a bad one.

Ideology before evidence. Reagan instinctively shoehorns all information into an ideological mold. Stories that disparage welfare recipients are presumptively true and data that reflect critically on the Pentagon are not to be trusted. When confronted with something or someone who challenges his conservative catechism, like an unyielding Marxist-Leninist, he will change not his mind but the facts. And since his catechism on supply-side economics, civil rights, wealth and poverty, and the environment often clashes with reality, Reagan is constantly engaged in circle-squaring exercises. Hence error.

Out-of-date/Out-of-touch. The President's Norman Rockwell view of America—he didn't see any racial discrimination when he was a boy; there weren't riots during the Great Depression; local volunteer groups should hold "barn raisers" to make up for funds lost to budget cuts—makes one wish that nostalgia were a thing of the past. It often seems as if he made up his mind on most matters three decades ago and has been on automatic pilot ever since—a conclusion supported by the identical phrasing and stories that turn up in speeches given decades apart.

"There is a generation gap between what Reagan thinks he knows about the world and the reality," says John Sears,

NEXT WEEK

Brazil: The Model Is Shattered
By Penny Lernoux

Israel's Palestinians: Waiting for the Dawn
By Amos Oz

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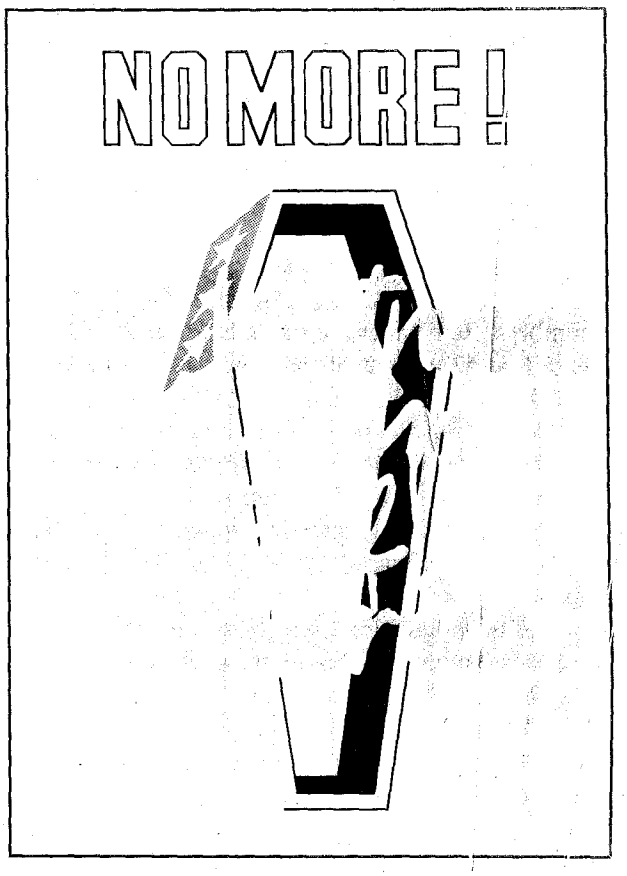
who ran Reagan's 1976 Presidential campaign and half of his 1980 race. "Reagan has all these old phonograph records in his head, and a lot of them are full of misinformation. We used to talk about getting into his 'record library' and throwing some of them out."

Habit. For another origin of his gaffes, consider Reagan's careers before he entered politics: acting, sportscasting and lecturing. An actor succeeds or fails not on the basis of the truth of what he says but as a result of the effect of lines scripted for him by others. ("So much of our profession is taken up with pretending," wrote Reagan in his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, "that an actor must spend at least half his waking hours in a fantasy.") As a baseball announcer, Reagan, like all sportscasters of his day, read wire copy and then made up colorful play-by-play commentary. Speaking at a ceremony in 1981 commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the Voice of America, Reagan said of that technique: "I submit to you that I told the truth. . . . The truth got there, and, in other words, it can be attractively packaged." As a speaker for General Electric and conservative causes in the 1950s and 1960s, he developed the skill of delivering, and cataloguing for retrieval, one-liners about conservative shibboleths. Reagan's background may have created a mind-set that favors packaging over content and applause over accuracy.

Intellectual laziness. This is different from the facile charge that he's "just a dumb actor." He was smart enough to get elected President and to get most of his economic program enacted. Yet family, friends and aides agree that Reagan often relies on personal charm and a photographic memory instead of the kind of hard work needed to master a topic. Here is Neil Reagan on his brother as a young man: "He would take a book the night before the test and in about a quick hour he would thumb through it and photograph those pages and write a good test. He uses the same method now when he speaks." Reagan himself told a biographer, "I'm a lazy fellow. I work up to a certain point, but beyond that point, I say the hell with it." He's famous for his 9-to-5 schedule with Wednesday afternoons off for horseback riding, and has had as many vacations as press conferences. A September 1981 *Newsweek* article quoted an unnamed White House aide as saying, "He probably spends two or three hours at most [a day] on real work."

Isolation. Reagan has long been isolated, and he rarely exposes himself to a range of opinions that might dig him out of his entrenched views. His insulated world of self-made businessmen and California conservatives reinforces his belief that the Russians and big government are behind everything evil. His schedule for the past couple of years—whom he's met with and whom he's addressed—reveals a chief executive unfamiliar with America's diversity. In a three-week period in February and March he addressed the American Legion, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Association of Evangelicals, the Conservative Political Action Conference and the editors of *National Review*—groups that span America all the way from A to B. Indeed, Reagan is able to indulge his habit of reiterating the same one-liners, anecdotes and errors in speech after speech, year



"No Vietnam War in Central America" Poster by Sam Wiener

The background of this poster, a coffin with stars and the inscription "No More" originated during the Vietnam War and was widely circulated. Now the well-known artist Sam Wiener, angered by the Reagan Administration's war efforts in Central America, has forcefully expressed his outrage by splashing a fiery-red protest over the original.

This tri-colored poster, measuring 24½ by 19½ inches, is printed on high-gloss paper.

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after year, because he nearly always addresses audiences that mirror his views.

The amiability factor. Finally, there's President Pangloss's upbeat and sunny personality. "You have to be careful with him," cautions a former aide. "If you had nine bad items to tell him and one good one, he would latch on to the favorable item and discount the other nine." An upbeat personality is a wonderful thing in a friend. But in a President it can result in self-delusion on important policy matters. People who act sunny in a thunderstorm are charming, but they still get wet. And saying that budget cuts haven't hurt the poor or that tax cuts will increase tax revenues doesn't make it so.

President Reagan and his aides dismiss the criticism that he is error-prone. David Gergen considers the issue trivial, a non-problem, "pure journalistic fantasy." "I don't think we ought to turn our Presidents into statistical walking almanacs," he has said. "If you're a tenth of a point or two off on some number, that's not what's critical." But denying the existence of a problem that has publicly bedeviled Reagan since his 1966 race for governor simply compounds it. If there was no problem, why was Stuart Spencer assigned to Reagan's campaign plane in 1980 to keep him from making further gaffes? Why all the retractions coming out of the White House? Nor are all or most of the errors trivial. To say that a Trident missile is recallable is hardly an insignificant blooper.

Condoning small mistakes in the interest of a "larger truth" reveals the kind of casualness that tolerates and perpetuates error. "To lose faith in his attestations on small things," wrote columnist Murray Kempton of the President, "means all too soon to distrust them on large ones." In fact, the evidence supporting Reagan's "larger truths" is pretty thin as well. In the 1980 campaign he claimed that the United States had a "window of vulnerability" to Soviet nuclear attack and that "Democratic deficits" had caused inflation. The President later implicitly accepted the conclusion of the Scowcroft Commission that there is no "window of vulnerability." As for deficits *causing* inflation, Reagan's deficits are unprecedented, yet inflation is down.

Taking a more sympathetic approach, Representative Richard Cheney of Wyoming, who was President Ford's chief of staff, said in an interview that Reagan's misstatements are "no worse than those of other Presidents."

True, all Presidents feel pressure to throw a coat of varnish over everything they touch. Sometimes that has led them to purvey misrepresentations, stretchers, half-truths—even deceptions and lies. Ike allowed his State Department to say that a U-2 downed over Russia was a stray weather plane. The White House said that J.F.K. canceled a political trip in October 1962 because of a cold when he really canceled it because of the discovery of Soviet offensive missiles in Cuba. L.B.J. deceived the public on the costs of the Vietnam War and on the Tonkin Gulf resolution. He also denied that Bobby Baker had been his protégé in the Senate, asserted that Marines were sent to protect Americans in the Dominican Republic in 1965 because 1,500 people had been "beheaded" and claimed that "my great-great-grandfather died at the Alamo." None of those statements are true.

Richard Nixon's cover-up of Watergate, of course, is the quintessential example of Presidential deception. Jimmy Carter often grossly exaggerated his qualifications for the Presidency in the 1976 campaign; for example, he was not a "nuclear physicist," as he claimed. But both critics and supporters agree that Carter made very few factual misstatements on policy matters while he was President.

Representative Cheney, then, is correct in implying that Reagan is not the first erring President, but wrong in concluding that he's no worse than his predecessors. Could someone fill a book with Carter's factual mistakes? Ford's? Ike's or J.F.K.'s? Even Nixon's or L.B.J.'s? The answer appears to be no, though dissenters are welcome to try. One might contend that Reagan is different merely in degree, but it is so many degrees as to equal the difference between hot and cold water.

Despite this record of dissimulation, Reagan shows no sign of contrition or concern; one high-level aide to the President said, "I have never heard him say, 'I was wrong.'" Eisenhower quickly acknowledged the truth about the U-2. Even L.B.J., with chagrin, eventually admitted that no Johnson had fought and died at the Alamo. "But with a chutzpah unprecedented in the theater of politics," concludes Prof. Richard Phelps of Indiana University, who has studied the President's use of statistics, "Reagan chews out false facts with nary a pause or flinch. He shows no shame."

Perhaps that is because Reagan has gotten off easy in the media for his misstatements. To be sure, there was a flurry of press reports about them early in the 1980 campaign and again early in 1982. Though the errors didn't subside, the attention did. (Some journalists, like Lou Cannon of *The Washington Post*, diligently continue to report them, but stories about Reagan's misstatements have slipped farther and farther back from page 1.) As for the electronic media, Robert Kaiser, the editor of *The Washington Post*'s Outlook section, has observed that "the television networks have a hard time reacting. They haven't found a formula for saying the President is wrong." So 30 million people hear one of the President's well-delivered speeches, and even though ten reporters and Op-Ed rebutters later pen pieces correcting him, he's still way ahead in terms of audience and credibility. A false remark gets halfway around the world, remarked Mark Twain, before truth puts on its boots.

Shaking his head in dismay, Representative Mo Udall said in an interview that Reagan "has an immunity, as if he's not judged in the same courtroom." Why? Because of the triumph of his charm over content. His cultivated sincerity on television is credible even if his material isn't. In the opinion of John Sears, "If Jimmy Carter were making these mistakes, he would be treated much worse. The press didn't like Carter on the level of a personal human being. But they like Reagan, and this affects their intensity factor."

President Carter found that out the hard way. Rick

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Hertzberg, who was Carter's chief speechwriter, recalled that Reagan made so many obviously false assertions in the climactic 1980 campaign debate—e.g., he never favored voluntary Social Security contributions; he never expressed indifference to nuclear proliferation—that "Carter didn't bother correcting him, assuming the press would crucify him. But they didn't." Indeed, when Reagan taunted Carter with his now-legendary line, "There you go again," he was factually wrong: Carter had said that Reagan had opposed Medicare in 1965, which is true. Carter won the debating point, but lost the audience and the election.

Reagan's untruths have significant public costs, Gergen's attempts to trivialize the problem notwithstanding.

First, there's the effect the President's misstatements have on officials in his Administration, who may understandably consider it standard operating procedure to make misleading remarks to advance their purposes. Vice President George Bush has actually denied he ever criticized candidate Reagan for his "voodoo economics." (He did, on tape, at Carnegie-Mellon University on April 10, 1980.) O.M.B. Director David Stockman has admitted he doctored economic indicators to make Administration projections look good in 1981. And in an internal memorandum, Reagan's task force on government waste, with a tip of the hat to the master anecdotist, urged panel members to search for "the most horrifying and ridiculous events, anomalies, conditions and practices . . ."

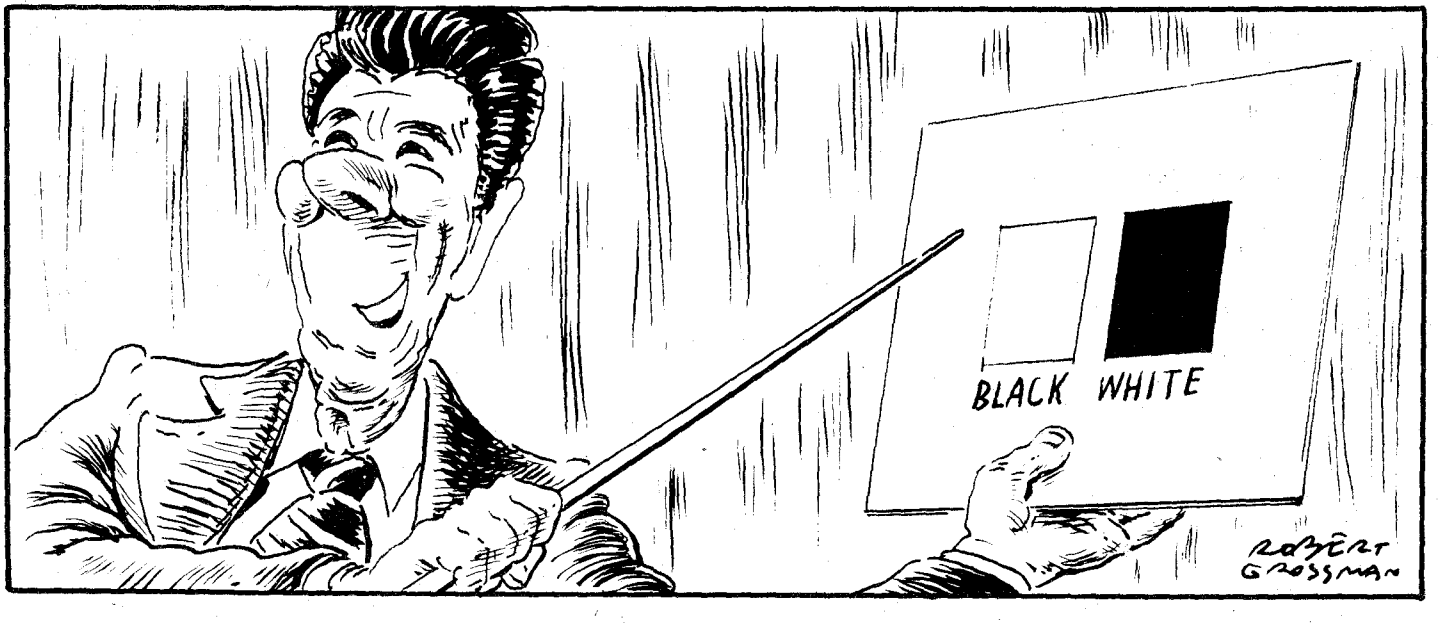
Second, there's the effect Reagan's disinformation has on the content of public policy. In the popular acronym of computer programmers, it's GIGO (garbage in, garbage out). Reagan's remark that President Coolidge's tax cuts resulted in increased tax revenues (they didn't) may have converted a close vote on his tax bill into an easy win. And when he says repeatedly that the Soviet Union dominates the United States militarily (no member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff has ever believed this), it has to encourage Congress to pass his record-setting military budget. Here, distortion is not harmless but pivotal.

The final cost of false facts is a loss of trust in government. Every Presidential untruth, when unmasked, makes it harder for subsequent Presidential statements to be accepted and acted on. Post-Johnson and -Nixon cynicism weakened governmental credibility. Reagan's counterfactual assertions too have a corrosive effect on public confidence in government. When he takes to the Presidential pulpit to explain why the guerrillas in El Salvador are murderous revolutionaries while the guerrillas in Nicaragua are "freedom fighters," he may be right—but how can we know? How can we trust his numbers, given his penchant for puffing? Sissela Bok, in her book *Lying: Moral Choice in Public and Private Life*, put the problem well:

> Imagine a society, no matter how ideal in other respects, where word and gesture could never be counted upon. Questions asked, answers given, information exchanged—all would be worthless. A warning that a well was poisoned or a plea for help in an accident would come to be ignored unless independent confirmation could be found. . . . Trust is a social good just as much as the air we breathe or the water we drink.

Whatever the short-run gains of dissembling and feinting, the best rule—for incumbents and their heirs—is that you can't lead people by misleading them. Unfortunately, Ronald Reagan, as Abraham Lincoln once said of an opponent, appears to have such a high regard for the truth that he uses it sparingly. Far preferable to Reagan's casualness toward error is the approach of a President he so often quotes, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, which was described by his speechwriter Robert Sherwood in his book, *Roosevelt and Hopkins*:

> The New York Times can make mistakes—the World Almanac can make mistakes—but the President of the United States must not make mistakes. This constant thought imposed a harrowing responsibility. After 1940, the White House had its resident statistician, Isador Lubin, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, who was constantly available and incalculably valuable to Roosevelt and to Hopkins in checking every decimal point. □



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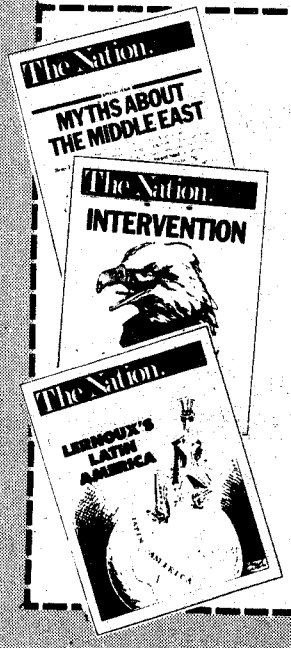

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Red and the Black

CLAYBORNE CARSON

COMMUNISTS IN HARLEM DURING THE DEPRESSION. *By Mark Naison. University of Illinois Press. 360 pp. $22.95.*

FATHER DEVINE AND THE STRUGGLE FOR RACIAL EQUALITY. *By Robert Weisbrot. University of Illinois Press. 258 pp. $17.50.*

FAREWELL TO THE PARTY OF LINCOLN: Black Politics in the Age of FDR. *By Nancy J. Weiss. Princeton University Press. 333 pp. $32.50. Paper $12.50.*

The Great Depression was a time when black Americans became more like white Americans, as poor blacks found themselves included in plans designed to deal with suddenly widespread white poverty. As never before or since, blacks and whites were similarly dependent upon government welfare programs, and by 1936 both groups were similarly supportive of the Democratic liberalism responsible for these programs. Since then, whites have generally moved on to greater affluence and new political allegiances while blacks have for the most part remained mired in Depression conditions and have retained, with unparalleled unanimity, old political loyalties.

Given the present state of American politics, most black voters will continue to support ideologically unremarkable Democratic Presidential candidates (although Jesse Jackson's pseudomilitant jingles obscure this fact). The three books under review remind us, however, that the incorporation of blacks into the liberal Democratic coalition was merely one manifestation of a general transformation of black political thought. The Depression forced Afro-Americans to draw on both separatist and integrationist political traditions. Although few remnants of the Harlem renaissance or of Marcus Garvey's visionary black nationalism survived the 1920s, black cultural assertiveness and racial militancy remained evident even as blacks struggled to enter the American mainstream. Between the extremes of racial chauvinism and acculturation, of revolutionary resistance and accommodation, black people developed new militant political forms that were neither separatist nor assimilationist but instead combined racial pride and desire for self-determination with a firm demand for fair treatment within American society.

More than any other predominantly white institution, the Communist Party responded to these converging trends and provided models for subsequent black militancy. This was despite the fact that the party neither attracted a sizable black membership nor appealed to many black voters. Nonetheless, though no more than a thousand blacks in Harlem were Communists at any one time, historian Mark Naison demonstrates that the Communist Party singularly reflected the new spirit of black pride and militancy that characterized Harlem in the 1920s. He suggests that the party contributed to the emergence of militant protest activity as a significant force in black politics.

A politically committed scholar, Naison is clearly disappointed that the Communist Party, for reasons that still plague present-day socialists, was not more successful in attracting working-class blacks, but he also sympathizes with the difficulties Communists faced as they attempted to confront a legacy of racial oppression that was largely ignored in Marxist thought. His thoughtful, judicious study vividly conveys a heady atmosphere of political experimentation that produced important insights about the nature of race and class identity as well as tragic ideological blunders.

Previous historians have belittled the Communist Party's contributions to black political development, emphasizing instead the party's betrayal of black interests when they conflicted with those of white Communists or of the Soviet Union. Wilson Record, for example, argued in *The Negro and the Communist Party* (1951) that the party simply used the race issue to pursue the goal of world Communism. Naison disagrees. The party did alter its position of racial issues at the behest of the Comintern, he admits, but he also demonstrates that the party's racial policies were greatly influenced by black organizers and community leaders who were independent of the party's control yet essential allies in the complex world of Harlem politics.

The party's plan for black "self-determination" in the Deep South, for example, was clearly the product of Comintern concessions to nationalist movements elsewhere in the world rather than a response to black nationalist sentiments among Afro-Americans. But the plan was also part of a larger effort to demonstrate Communist sympathy for integrationist as well as nationalist militancy. Recognizing that substantial black support was essential to any successful socialist movement in the United States, Communist leaders went beyond attacking the use of derogatory racial epithets. They took the more difficult step of breaking down racial barriers, bringing immigrants and blacks into daily contact within the integrated groups that replaced the foreign-language federations that had been the basis of the party's support in the 1920s. They urged party members to treat blacks as equals and to expand their knowledge of the black experience. The re-education process extended from teaching white males how to dance (in order to prevent social isolation of black females) to the sponsorship of countless forums on black culture and history.

Naison recounts the 1931 "trial" of party member August Yokinen, who was charged with verbally supporting the ejection of blacks from a dance at the Finnish Workers Club in Harlem. Yokinen's conviction and temporary expulsion came after carefully staged public testimony at the Harlem Casino, with black Communist Richard B. Moore acting as defense attorney and Yokinen admitting his guilt; nevertheless, the event convinced many blacks that the party was serious in its campaign against internal racism.

The most significant demonstration of the party's commitment to equality was its immediate and steadfast support for the Scottsboro Boys, who had been convicted of rape and condemned to death or prison in a lynch-mob atmosphere in Alabama. The N.A.A.C.P. attacked

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the party for exploiting the case, but its criticisms merely indicated the extent to which it was initially placed on the defensive by the party's vigorous efforts to demonstrate the innocence of the defendants. The Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. concluded that "our own N.A.A.C.P. has sold us out" and impetuously proclaimed, in 1933, that "the day will come when being called a Communist will be the highest honor that can be paid an individual and that day is coming soon."

Although Powell and other black leaders would later become disillusioned with the party, their early enthusiasm is understandable considering that the Democratic and Republican Parties would not even include anti-lynching legislation in their platforms during the 1930s. Until 1936, no black delegate had ever attended a Democratic National Convention. Until that year, even the Socialist Party did not dare advocate "social equality" for blacks in its platform. A measure of the Communist Party's success in identifying itself with the cause of black civil rights was the degree to which, in many sections of the nation, racist officials in the 1950s and 1960s equated interracial civil rights gatherings with Communist activity.

Ultimately, the Communist Party failed in Harlem because its interracial social network never attracted many working-class blacks. Although the party initiated a momentous transformation of white racial attitudes, that transformation proceeded slowly among white workers, whom most blacks saw as the greatest obstacle to black advancement. Although it identified itself as the vanguard of the working class, the Communist Party had its greatest impact on the social consciousness of middle-class reformers, black and white. The party's antiracist propaganda and self-conscious race mixing impressed a number of black intellectuals—including Richard Wright, Langston Hughes and Paul Robeson—but black workers were more interested in winning tangible economic gains through boycotts, which often, to the party's dismay, pitted blacks against European immigrants.

The party's most visible success in appealing to black voters occurred, ironically, during the 1940s. Although the party's de-emphasis of civil rights militancy after the Hitler-Stalin Pact destroyed most of its credibility among Harlem blacks, it was able to forge pragmatic ties with a segment of Harlem's middle-class leadership, most notably with Powell. In 1944 party leader Benjamin Davis even won election to New York's City Council as Powell's designated successor. By that time, however, A. Philip Randolph, who had broken with Communists in the National Negro Congress, had used the 1941 March on Washington movement to launch a largely successful effort to exclude Communists from the civil rights struggle.

Despite the anticommunism of the cold war years, the Communist-led movements of the 1930s had permanently altered the tactical and ideological vocabularies of militant black politics. In New York, especially, the political culture which the party helped to create among blacks and Jews during the Depression profoundly influenced subsequent black radicalism. Activists on the margins of both groups kept the spirit of vigorous political and cultural dissent alive. Among the products of this culture, curiously, were a few blacks, including Stokely Carmichael and Harold Cruse, who would later offer trenchant critiques of the party's intellectual legacy.

Naison reflects these critiques when he suggests that the Communist Party of the 1930s broadened popular understanding of black culture while failing to penetrate the cultural world of the black masses. Communists offered blacks a positive racial image, but it was not an image blacks created for themselves. Religious cults, in particular, Naison writes, "provided an opportunity for self-expression and a sense of security that secular radicalism . . . had difficulty matching." But black religious culture was not static during the Depression, as Robert Weisbrot makes clear in his important new study of Father Devine, leader of the foremost black religious movement of the era.

Devine has often been dismissed as a religious charlatan, but Weisbrot insists that Devine did not "bask, immobile, in the adulation of his followers"; instead, "he redirected their devotion outward, in support of the reform causes he valued: integration, equal rights, and economic cooperation." Although Weisbrot may be faulted for too readily accepting Devine's view of himself, he has proved beyond question that Devine's Peace Mission programs were a serious response to the Depression. Indeed, far more than competing black nationalist cults, the Peace Mission, with its opulent banquets and communal homes, offered poor blacks a rare alternative to New Deal subsistence programs.

Weisbrot does not greatly add to our sketchy knowledge of Devine's background, but he does offer reasons for the evangelist's sudden rise to prominence. Devine became a hero among blacks after he was convicted in 1932 of disturbing the peace of white citizens in Long Island. When the obviously biased judge suddenly died three days after sentencing Devine to one year in jail, Devine was reported to have commented, "I hated to do it."

Thereafter, thousands of blacks (and a substantial number of whites) responded to Devine's radical theology, which contrasted sharply with the prevailing conservatism of the black clergy. Devine's followers, often middle-aged and female, gave up their worldly possessions, abstained from sex and devoted themselves totally to building a world without racial prejudice and economic exploitation. Weisbrot describes Devine as a shrewd administrator who used the donated resources and voluntary labor of a core group of "Angels" to provide food and clothing for a much larger group of "Children" (Weisbrot estimates 50,000 became "fellow travelers").

Devine's charismatic leadership style may have led many of his followers to place their trust in God and himself rather than in collective political action, but his teachings were not inconsistent with the secular progressive politics of the period. Like most black leaders, Devine distrusted unions; however, as Weisbrot points out, he also "denounced the exploitation of workers, and maintained at least sporadic contact with union leaders in order to promote common economic goals." He advocated international disarmament, sweeping civil rights legislation, government takeovers of idle plants and the nationalization of banking.

Rather than urging withdrawal from politics, Devine helped found the All People's Party, which endorsed some Communist and radical candidates. Despite fundamental disagreements on many issues, thousands of Devinites joined with Communists to march against fascism and racism. Devine told Democratic and Republican leaders who criticized his leftist ties, "Give me something better than the Communists have and I will endorse it."

In his effort to portray Devine as a

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progressive leader, Weisbrot does miss an opportunity to discuss the limitations and dangers of charisma, religious or otherwise, as a major component of a mass struggle. He mentions the brief meeting during the 1960s between Devine and another idealistic and charismatic religious leader, Jim Jones, but argues that the former "combined a will to power with constructive purpose," while "Jones ultimately made power alone the center of his cult role." The important point to make, however, is that uncritical reliance on the leadership of any individual undermines a group's ability to recognize and struggle against tyranny, which thrives as much on the faith of followers as on the ambition of leaders.

Whatever his limitations, Devine contributed to the modernization of Afro-American political life by emphasizing the radical implications of black religious values. Some Communists derided (as well as envied) Devine's "reactionary" influence over the black masses, but the Peace Mission actually exposed blacks to the tangible benefits of cooperative economics, while Communists mainly sought to gain equal treatment for blacks in New Deal programs. Nevertheless, the fact that the New Deal programs were far more substantial than Devine's and that they were controlled by liberals rather than Communists helps to explain why neither Devine nor the Communists gained the allegiance of most blacks.

The transference of black political loyalties from the Republican to the Democratic Party has proved permanent, while the successes of the Communists and Devine were ephemeral—despite the fact that they promised blacks far more than Franklin Roosevelt ever did. During the 1932 campaign, Roosevelt did not even bother to respond to an N.A.A.C.P. questionnaire about his racial views, nor did he ever propose a single piece of civil rights legislation. Moreover, many New Deal programs discriminated against blacks. As Nancy Weiss states at the beginning of her careful study of black voting behavior, the political realignment involved a paradox: "The New Deal paid only the most limited attention to blacks, and yet it was in response to the New Deal that blacks moved into the Democratic fold."

Weiss resolves the paradox through an exhaustive analysis of voting patterns in the 1936 election, which signaled the black "farewell to the party of Lincoln." She finds that lower-class blacks led the movement into the Democratic Party, and that these voters cared more about the economic programs of the New Deal than about Roosevelt's unimpressive civil rights policies. This conclusion will surprise

IN A WORD

for Desirée Pallais Checa

This time it is translated
several thousand miles north
to a dinner table in a free country,
we want to believe as we want to believe
this peasant meal makes us one
of them. *Revolución*,
the unrecognizable faces of men,
similar, dark, camouflaged.
In the rainy season, mud-spattered, stealing
from the jungle like poisonous snakes,
our news reports. Names, *Juan*,
Pedro, *Armando*, passing through my mind
as across a screen as they are filmed
running from the detonated air.
The unrecognizable faces of women,
similar, dark, crying
for the tangled parts of their men
whose flesh unrolls like a yardgood
of eyelet. I've marked the passing
of time each time and war
by these alien inflections in death.
Sometimes I've cried for the nameless
acts paraphrased into triumph
or I've sent money to someone
as abstract as a word.

I recognize your face and your mother's
I know in your own. The kitchen bulb
ignites the silverware. Your dark lashes
barb your cheeks. In the next sip of wine
the word rolls red from your lips
onto a sandstone wall in Managua, painted
in your brother's blood. I pass the plate
of tortillas thinking that for you
there are no fences. No pleasantries.

That was not a cursed house exhumed
from myth in the hills of Nicaragua.
Not the story of a family. The word
begins to have the face of each of you,
a father and son parsed by ambiguities.
A mother, two sisters, a brother choosing.

I volley in Spanish, words dropping,
indistinguishable. You laugh,
then your mother and I, our tin voices
rising like birds startled in a marsh.
Yours catching on air, reminding me
how you hide your pain, the hunter in a blind.

Nancy Esposito

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few historians, although as Weiss concedes, black adulation of Roosevelt, even among the lower class, was based partly on noneconomic factors, including the President's black appointments and his wife's social activism. Indeed, Weiss's study is weakened by its overemphasis on proving that lower-class black precincts voted somewhat more heavily Democratic than other black precincts. The rapid shift of lower-class blacks to the Democratic ranks is less historically significant than the generalized growth of the collective political confidence and sophistication of all classes of blacks as they began to realize that they could be the beneficiaries rather than merely the victims of American democracy.

These three historical studies suggest important continuities linking black politics of the 1930s with those of the 1960s. The topics of the books—poverty, militant protest activity, charismatic religious leadership and liberal reform coalitions—became the principal components of Martin Luther King Jr.'s civil rights campaign. Even now, black politics remains largely within the ideological boundaries established during the 1930s, and there are some indications that responses to the present economic crisis are less innovative and creative than were the responses to the Great Depression. To a distressing degree, contemporary black militancy has failed to recapture the enthusiasm and idealism of the Communist-led movements of the 1930s (or of the black-led movements of the 1960s), and black evangelical religion, with a few notable exceptions, has returned to the otherworldly orientation from which Devine (and King) departed. Black voters are more firmly entrenched than ever in the Democratic coalition, but that coalition has not only lost its hold on the Federal government; it has, for a time at least, lost its ability to offer blacks, and other Americans, a convincing and inspiring vision of a better world. □

One Cheer for Capitalism

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

REFLECTIONS OF A NEOCONSERVATIVE: Looking Back, Looking Ahead. *By Irving Kristol. Basic Books. 336 pp. $19.95.*

Before he became a neoconservative, a label whose invention he attributes to Michael Harrington, Irving Kristol was a Trotskyite, a regular of Alcove No. 1 in the vast lunchroom of City College in the late 1930s. There his fellow debaters—Irving Howe, Daniel Bell, Seymour Melman, Nathan Glazer, Seymour Martin Lipset—educated Kristol and one another in daily intellectual combat. This suggests that Kristol above all belongs to that interesting breed, the New York intellectual community, whose members love a good fight and spare no effort to stir one up.

This collection, like its 1978 predecessor, *Two Cheers for Democracy*, allows its author to pronounce upon economics, politics, public morality and "Religion and the Jews"—four meditations on Jewish humor, religion and psychoanalysis, Albert Einstein, and religion and socialism variously dated 1949, 1951, 1950 and, presumably, the present. In "Pornography, Obscenity and the Case for Censorship," Kristol takes typical pains to be dogmatic: "And lest there be any misunderstanding as to what I am saying, I will put it as bluntly as possible: If you care for the quality of life in our American democracy, then you have to be for censorship." Really? Then there's "Machiavelli and the Profanation of Politics" in which, in the course of an intriguing survey of Machiavelli's shifting reputation over the centuries, Kristol quite unnecessarily asserts, "The scholarship on Machiavelli and his times has been voluminous, technically superb, and almost invariably misleading."

This verdict exemplifies the almost casual claim to omniscience that is a second badge of membership in the New York intellectual community. A proper *Commentary* or *New York Review of Books* critique will make plain its author's certainty that he or she knows more about the topic than anyone else and certainly could have written a better book than the miserable wretch under dissection. New York intellectuals prefer essays to books, possibly because the strain of prolonged brilliance is too much to be borne even by them. Finally, it doesn't hurt in this community to be Jewish.

What, then, is the neoconservative ethos that threads through these mostly topical commentaries? In "Confessions of a True, Self-Confessed—Perhaps the Only—'Neoconservative,'" Kristol offers a convenient eight-point guide. Neoconservatism begins as an adverse reaction to the excesses of contemporary liberalism. In emotional style it is "antiromantic in substance and temperament." Its philosophical roots are classical, "admiring of Aristotle, respectful of Locke, distrustful of Rousseau." Toward bourgeois society, neoconservatives harbor a "detached attachment." For, "in the spirit of Tocqueville, neoconservatives do not think that liberal-democratic capitalism is the best of all imaginable worlds—only the best under the circumstances, of all possible worlds." Propositions 5, 6 and 7 are, respectively, faith in a "predominantly market economy," stress on the necessity of economic growth "not out of any enthusiasm for the material goods of this world, but because they seek economic growth as indispensable for social and political stability," and advocacy of a frugal welfare state "that takes a degree of responsibility for helping to shape the preferences that people exercise in a free market—to 'elevate' them if you will." Finally, "Neoconservatives look upon family and religion as indispensable pillars of a decent society."

Kristol spends a good many pages excoriating liberals, social democrats and socialists for their actual or asserted opposition to the neoconservative creed. According to his caricature, liberals are either indifferent or hostile to bourgeois virtues. For them, everything goes: pornography, abortion, sexual deviation, destructive egalitarianism, feverish affirmation of minority and women's rights, misplaced confidence in bureaucratic remedies and contempt for their fellow citizens. In foreign policy, liberals are heirs to decaying Wilsonian idealism. They delude themselves into toleration of a United Nations which has become little more than a forum for anti-American rhetoric, into murky Carter crusades for human rights, softness toward the Soviet Union and inability to identify and pursue American self-interest. These outcries are repetitious, tiresomely contentious and unenlightening. The tone is often peevish, the generalizations sketchily backed by

Robert Lekachman is the author of Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics *(Pantheon) and a member of the editorial board of* The Nation.

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evidence and the apparent intent gratification of Kristol's admirers in the business community.

However, Kristol deserves the attention of his critics when he shifts from attacking enemies to admonishing friends. In this mode, he frequently separates himself from other neoconservatives and Reagan policies. Although a self-described hawk, he lines up with George Kennan, Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy in opposing first use of nuclear weapons rather than with the more warlike *Commentary* coterie. In his emphasis on the connection between decent welfare benefits and social stability, he echoes the concerned Toryism of Benjamin Disraeli and Harold Macmillan rather than the bloody-mindedness of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan.

Kristol is equally independent on the theme of business morality. The well-known Chicago view, promulgated by Milton Friedman, is that profit, not ethics, is the appropriate objective of corporate conduct. Kristol disagrees, arguing that if corporate executives do no more than grudgingly obey the law, they invite precisely the intrusive, bureaucratic meddling in which E.P.A.'s and OSHA's lawyers specialize. In their own interest, corporate types should strive for safety on the job and high quality products.

At bottom, Kristol likes American capitalism only slightly more than do his cherished adversaries. As he observes in the volume's best essay, "Adam Smith and the Spirit of Capitalism," Smith could concentrate in *The Wealth of Nations* on man in rational pursuit of self-interest because he relied on church, family and a tutelary government to inculcate individual and civic virtue. But, as Kristol's sometime *Public Interest* co-editor Daniel Bell speculated in *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*, the thrust of mature capitalism is toward the sabotage of the very bourgeois qualities on which, in the not too long run, the viability of capitalism depends. Post-industrial capitalism (Bell's term) daily subjects consumers to demands that they buy, enjoy, indulge themselves, and so pass through the gates of consumer heaven. By the age of 10, a well-brought-up American child has gazed upon 75,000 thirty-second TV commercials. Hedonism unavoidably clashes with thrift and the work ethic, not to mention the self-denial of traditional Judaism and Christianity. The more successfully advertisers make us spend, the more anemic becomes the

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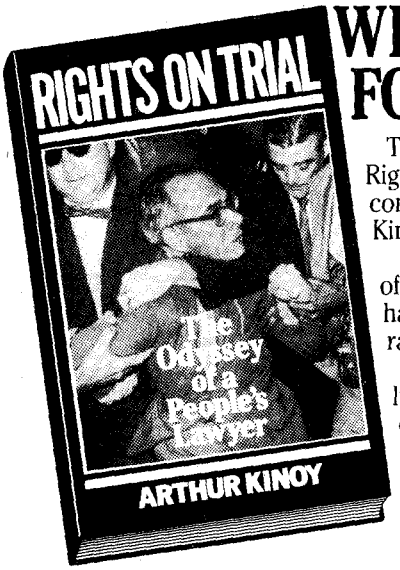

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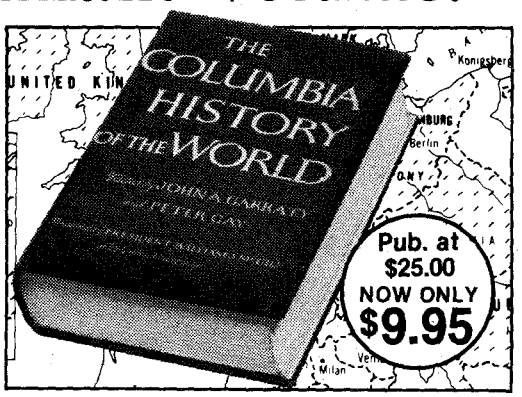

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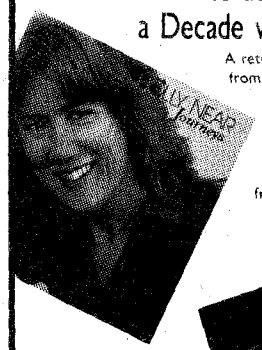

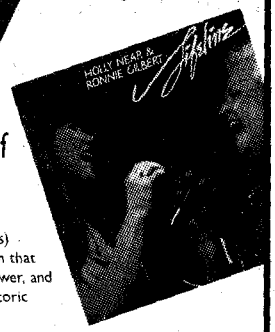

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American savings rate. As for the work ethic, only a mug toils a jot harder or more carefully than absolutely necessary to collect a paycheck in a society that exalts leisure far more than hard work. In the American lexicon, "workaholic" is a term of disparagement.

Perhaps because he is aware of this irony, the prescriptive Kristol writes far more tentatively than the proscriptive Kristol: there isn't much of a program in these pages for the restoration of mislaid bourgeois values and public virtue among our politicians. Aside from the essay on censorship, Kristol is hortatory rather than programmatic. He utters an occasional good word for Ronald Reagan, especially on foreign policy, but I sensed no confidence that Reagan was the heavenly messenger of neoconservatism.

In sum, at their worst these polemics are diatribes against the world supposedly made by liberals and those to the left of them. At their best, they convey much thoughtful, somber insight into the origins and consequences of capitalist materialism. As a polemicist, in other words, Kristol is as nasty as ever to low intellectual and moral types like members of *The Nation* family. He is lovably true to the persona we have enjoyed hating over the decades. However, when the man forgets just who his friends and enemies are, he echoes opinions amazingly like those familiar to this journal's readers. Buried beneath his vulpine neoconservative intellectual garments beats—perhaps faintly and certainly irregularly—a startlingly enlightened heart. I hope that Irving Kristol will forgive my saying these unexpectedly cheerful words. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

In 1971, Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music to standing-room crowds and scathing reviews. This September, the company appeared at City Center to meager houses and reviews that publicly apologized to Béjart for the ill treatment he's received all these years from the American press. I'm a peace-loving person and can appreciate the impulse to effect a détente with the choreographer whom diehards might call the Darth Vadar of dance, but I don't think the apologies should be one-sided. What about the civilians—children among them—subjected a few years back to Béjart's all-Mahler program, nearly five hours of boredom so excruciating grown men were seen to weep in their seats? Béjart's totally awesome theater, programs of all this or all that, makes companies that strive merely for total theater look positively restrained. This year, thanks to a last-minute program change, I missed the totally awesome entry, an all-Vienna program called "Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein," so my responses are based on two mixed bills and an evening-length anthology of Béjart through the ages, modestly called "Eros Thanatos."

Taken in small doses, Béjart's work loses its totalitarian glamour and begins to resemble entertainment. Some of it is very exciting. His setting of Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring" is full of charged attack, pictorial audacity and dramatic cohesion; it makes the music sound as if it were composed yesterday by a member of the Hell's Angels. His naughty setting of Ravel's "Bolero"—one dancer building up a sweat on a table as the surrounding members of the corps put their pelvises into a slow boil (I saw the all-male version starring Jorge Donn but Béjart has made stagings for every taste)—is at least as sensational as anything of Bob Fosse's, and it has a single-mindedness of intention that Fosse's numbers lack, a purity of rhythm and image that makes its narcissism almost metaphysical.

The interest of Béjart's choreography is its rhythmic drama. The simpler the dance technique and the more suspenseful the melodies, the better things get. His new "Seven Greek Dances" and the "Soldier in Love" section of "Eros Thanatos" are cases in point. Both verge on folk-dance vocabularies, the first to the pressure and squeeze of a Mikis Theodorakis suite, the second to a Neopolitan folk song. They also give Béjart room to use favorite devices: the nod to Greek dancing allows for the emphatically flexed heels, the startling stops and starts, the scenes of male comrades-in-arms that he rams into just about every piece. When the music is too sophisticated for him to isolate the rhythmic suspense from the thematic development—as is Stravinsky's "Violin Concerto" in Béjart's "Concerto in Re"—it's easier to tolerate his mediocrity in the allegro sections, where the steps at least have a pulse, than in the adagio sections, where the dancers

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seem to be performing in a stupor. (The canned music during these performances put me in a stupor, too.) When Béjart takes on a reflective score, he junks the clear momentum of dancing for a murky sort of expressionist acting. The subject becomes not rhythm but personality. Then, if you're not Jorge Donn, you're in trouble if you want to hold the stage. In "The Divine," a vehicle about Greta Garbo for guest ballerina Marcia Haydée, who performed it with Donn and a few corps members dressed in costumes evocative of famous Garbo films, Haydée was deprived of a dance impetus much of the time, and sustained only a low-level magnetism. Donn, who appears in drag as Garbo during the first few minutes, permanently upstaged her. And the way he got his eyes to glow in the dark, like radioactive milk, would have upstaged Garbo herself.

If you don't look at any one dancer too long, Ballet of the Twentieth Century seems forceful in its technique. Shonach Mirk and Rita Poelvoorde seemed to have the finest sense of line, but on closer scrutiny, one notices that the effect of massed force is often achieved at the expense of individual placement. Almost none of the women, including Haydeé, could be relied on to take a step decisively: the heel would rock, the knee shake, the waist shudder, so that there was no continuity between beautiful moments.

As people, however, the Béjart dancers are interesting men and women. Their faces are fine and memorable, and their expressions of intensity or concentration keep the stage alive. Béjart is known for the performing opportunities he accords male dancers. To my eye, no man on stage rivaled Ronald Perry—formerly of the Dance Theatre of Harlem and late of American Ballet Theatre—for strength of waist and back, clarity of impulse, lightness of step and general classic tact. Still, as a horde, the men at times convey the idea they could lug the universe around if someone asked them to. They would make a terrific group of thugs if Béjart ever staged a ballet of *The Road Warrior*. Proscenium theaters are also too confining for most of what Béjart asks the men to do. I'd love to see them in his "Rite of Spring" lit by floodlight in Red Square. At the end of the first section, instead of disappearing one by one into a massive shaft of light they could jump directly into the entrance of Lenin's tomb.

The Bat-Dor Dance Company of Israel, at New York's Joyce Theater from late September to early October, is a respectable chamber company that would look better in a city where there wasn't so much dancing. Directed by its founder, South African-born dancer Jeannette Ordman, Bat-Dor does have something of a style. The movement is an uninflected amalgam of ballet and Graham technique. The repertory emphasizes low-slung, expansive gestures and choreography that often has a dramatic or literary agenda. At the performance I attended, the female dancers were well-rehearsed but mostly indistinguishable from one another. Glowering and long, Reda Sheta, the company's Egyptian member, compelled watching among the men. He partnered Ordman herself in John Butler's mercilessly reduced "Othello," and in "Transcendence," a gaseous number by Domy Reiter-Soffer about Ordman's struggle to find herself. Why choreographers think that we would prefer to watch dancers stewing in a theater over Nirvana when we could read the Bhagavad-Gita in comfort at home is one of the unanswered questions of modern art. □

FILMS.

JOSHUA B. FREEMAN

Seeing Red

Communists have figured prominently in dozens of American movies, from *My Son John* to *The Way We Were* to *Daniel*, but *Seeing Red*, a new feature-length documentary, is the first to let them speak for themselves. Subtitled *Stories of American Communists*, the film is just that. In contemporary interviews interspersed with archival footage, still photographs and connecting narration, a dozen or so present or former Communists, a few well known, like Pete Seeger, but most not, recall their lives on the left in the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. The effort is admirable, but the results are disappointing. Neither the audience nor those interviewed are given their full due.

In 1976, James Klein, Julia Reichert and Miles Mogulescu made *Union Maids*, a documentary about three female C.I.O. organizers. *Union Maids* perfected the interview format and

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set the standard for a host of labor and social history documentaries that followed, but it had one glaring fault: although a knowledgeable viewer would have realized that at least two of its subjects had been Communists—as it turns out all three were—the Communist Party was never mentioned. *Seeing Red* is an elaborate effort by Klein and Reichert to rectify that omission.

I suppose there is something worthwhile in simply hearing people talk openly about their experiences as Communists. The filmmakers' message certainly comes through: Communists were good Americans who tried in their own way to do what they thought was right. The film begins brilliantly, with clips of Ronald Reagan and Herbert (*I Led Three Lives*) Philbrick describing the Communist Party as a demonic international conspiracy in speeches that were originally used to introduce anti-Communist films. What follows is the refutation. But refuting Herbert Philbrick is an awfully modest goal, and leads to a correspondingly modest achievement.

In effect, Reichert and Klein have produced a filmed, and thinner, version of Vivian Gornick's *The Romance of American Communism.* We hear people explain why they became Communists: Howard Johnson tells a college class—he now teaches sociology—about his days as a dancer at the Cotton Club, when the Communists seemed to make the most "sense"; Oscar Hunter, a printmaker who died this year, points out that joining the Communist Party wasn't a big deal during the Depression. We hear anecdotes about life in the party: Rose Podmaker tells of leaving a factory job for a party training school where she married her instructor, and of her anger at being sent back to her old job so that she could support her husband's full-time political work; Carl Hirsch reads letters he wrote to his wife while he was covering a Missouri sharecroppers' strike for a Communist newspaper; and several Lincoln Brigade veterans recall the Spanish Civil War. We learn of the troubles C.P. members faced during the cold war, and why they did or did not finally leave the party. Perhaps it's a coincidence, but two of the most impressive figures are still in the party today—Sylvia Woods, who was also in *Union Maids*, and Rose Kryzak, who is shown giving a rousing speech at a senior citizens rally in New York City.

Given these extraordinary lives, the interviews often seem surprisingly flat. Although some criticize the party—for its relationship with the Soviet Union, for example—the overall impression is of a group of people at peace with their past. Maybe too many years filled with reflection have gone by for them to recapture all the passion and turmoil of being a Communist, or maybe filmmakers asked them the wrong questions. The compromises and contradictions that make many old Communists so fascinating are largely missing here.

What's worse, we learn almost nothing about the Communist Party itself. *Seeing Red* does not explain what sort of people joined the party, what its institutional bases were or what policies it pursued. The New Deal and the Popular Front are never mentioned; World War II, when the party reached its peak strength, is barely discussed. The cold war is presented in the crudest possible terms as a vast conspiracy that duped a gullible public, a mirror image of Philbrick's view of the C.P. Ultimately, this is not a film about politics, and to the extent that it is a political film, it adopts the strategy of a Jane Fonda movie: show some obviously decent people and you will win sympathy for their views.

What a lost opportunity! I like Pete Seeger and I even like his uplifting speeches, but I've heard them many times before. What I haven't heard, and would love to know, is exactly how, as a performer, he related to the party. How did an organization once associated with modernism come to be the midwife of America's folk revival? Then there's Bill Bailey, a wonderful Wobblyesque maritime organizer, who is never asked why the Communist Party was so successful in organizing sailors and longshoremen, and what, if anything, that said about the nature of the party. And Dorothy Healey, an important West Coast C.P. leader, whose comment that she was "a little Stalin" is not pursued.

As the film went on, I began to wonder how much Reichert and Klein learned during the six years they spent making it. At one point Reichert, who occasionally appears on screen, expresses surprise at the lack of democracy within the party, since those who joined were "questioning" people. But were they, necessarily? Many, including Healey, joined the C.P. after growing up in homes or neighborhoods where radicalism was the norm. Others joined because the party represented social and cultural mobility—a way to escape a ghetto, get ahead in a union or

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leave behind an immigrant past.

By the end, I wanted to grab the filmmakers by the shoulders and shout, like Joan Rivers, "Grow up." The subject is too important to be simplified into a morally comforting tale about some admirable folks. Nor is it fair to the C.P. and its one-time members to surround their complex, and in some ways tragic, history with a pleasant autumnal glow, and leave it at that.

What went wrong? Perhaps it was the filmmakers' lack of faith, I hope misplaced, in the audience's ability to take in more than a few simple thoughts. Or perhaps the *Union Maids* format has reached its limit. As the witnesses in *Reds* delightfully demonstrated, telling one's own story doesn't insure accuracy or insight. I wish *Seeing Red* were more inquisitive and adventurous, more in the spirit of *Atomic Cafe* (which for all its problems at least invented a fresh narrative form), or of Eisenstein's notes, in which he discusses his desire to film *Capital* in the style of Joyce's *Ulysses*.

One final note. This film is itself something of a historical artifact in that it received much of its funding from the National Endowments for the Humanities and the Arts. It is inconceivable that the Federal government would finance a similar project today. That is a shame, because it probably means we will never get to see a better movie about this generation of American Communists. □

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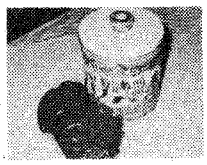

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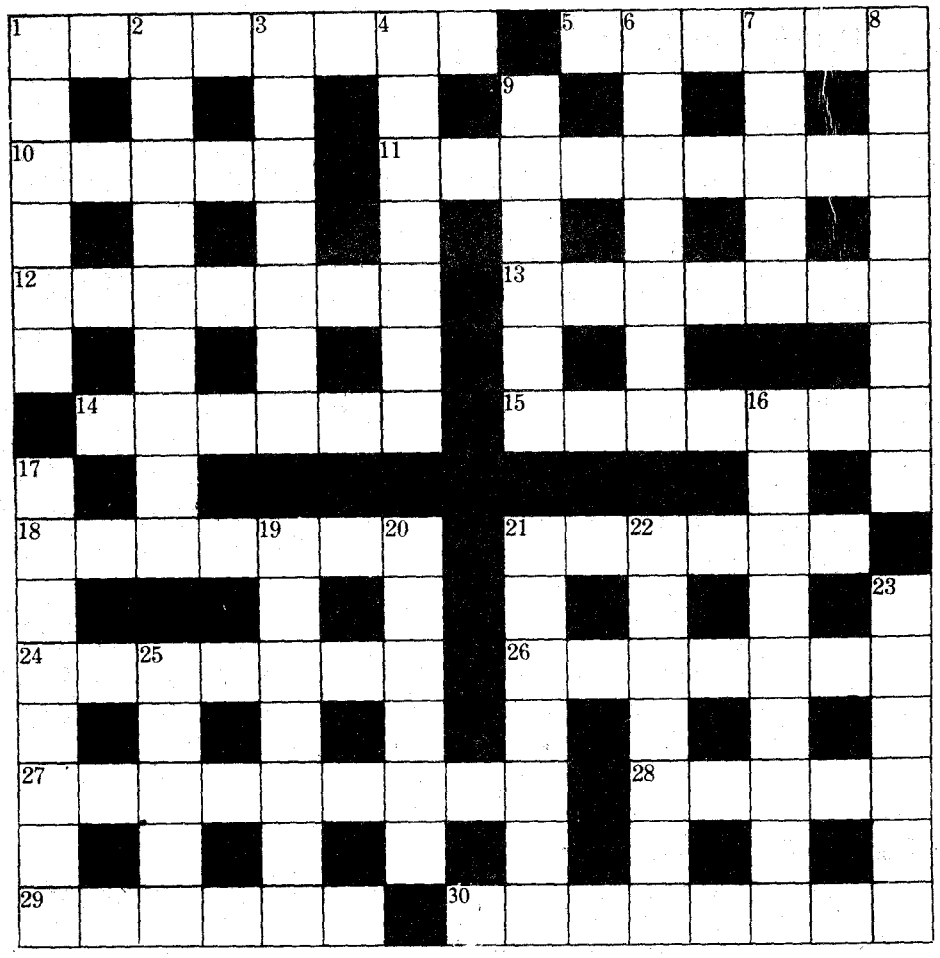
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1980

P	I	C	K	W	I	C	K	■	P	A	P	E	R	S
R	■	H	■	H	■	A	■	S	■	L	■	M	■	T
E	L	E	G	I	A	C	■	I	N	L	A	B	O	R
S	■	F	■	T	■	K	■	N	■	O	■	R	■	I
E	L	S	I	E	■	L	I	G	H	T	W	O	R	K
N	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	L	■	■	■	I	■	E
C	A	D	G	E	■	D	R	Y	G	O	O	D	S	■
E	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	A
■	D	E	A	D	B	E	A	T	■	C	A	R	I	B
O	■	P	■	■	■	X	■	E	■	U	■	■	■	A
F	I	R	E	D	R	I	L	L	■	L	A	B	E	L
M	■	I	■	O	■	L	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	A
I	N	V	E	R	S	E	■	Y	E	T	E	R	A	N
N	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	C
D	I	R	E	C	T	■	E	V	I	D	E	N	C	E

Crossword Puzzle No. 1981

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 25 down It didn't necessitate getting rid of your old buggy, but only the best places served this. (8,5)
5 Having even less money, you might take stock with one. (6)
10 and 11 On the worst skyjack odysseys they seem to, but it's a fanciful place! (5-5,4)
12 You might get yours after being in the field. (7)
13 Taken against the offensive? (7)
14 At least they shouldn't click over for each one of these! (6)
15 Now this can be told! (7)
18 The stamp of Gestapo deception? (7)
21 A cutting line so set can cut badly. (6)
24 The roadshow actors in *The Exile*? (7)
26 One certainly isn't very sensible this way. (7)
27 Get tired with the office workers in Arizona? (9)
28 See 2 down
29 Has a deadly fear of adders when uncoiled. (6)
30 Not the most permanent of road surfaces, but dark brunettes are headed this way. (5,3)

DOWN

1 Frank has the ability to end up accomplished. (6)
2 and 28 across Sir Richard Grenville's craft is perhaps only a trifle to the British. (After getting even this for a final statement?) (7,2,5)
3 You might be able to hit things this way, where you might find at least one pilot light. (2,5)
4 An early book of units of inheritance is combined with it. (7)
6 Not a good arbiter, but at least one should have taste. (7)
7 It's all right coming up according to style, but bear with it! (5)
8 They get confused with 29, but could never be described as 30! (8)
9 It's an old boast, but someone might say you should get away with it! (6)
16 Only male chauvinists would say that's what an old maid failed to do, though you could get a lot from such a person. (4,5)
17 Have an old-fashioned smooch with a government agent, as they say, and you'll get really pampered. (5-3)
19 Notice the billiard shot inside? Some have made a fortune this way! (7)
20 Some say Abscam did, but it's a poor net result on the thing culprits sometimes take. (6)
21 Certain music is popularly this, but a little money overseas gets full shake. (7)
22 Such a car is not necessarily an early Italian model. (7)
23 The conductor might, just before the first of the measure, as any plug-ugly could do. (4,2)
25 See 1 across

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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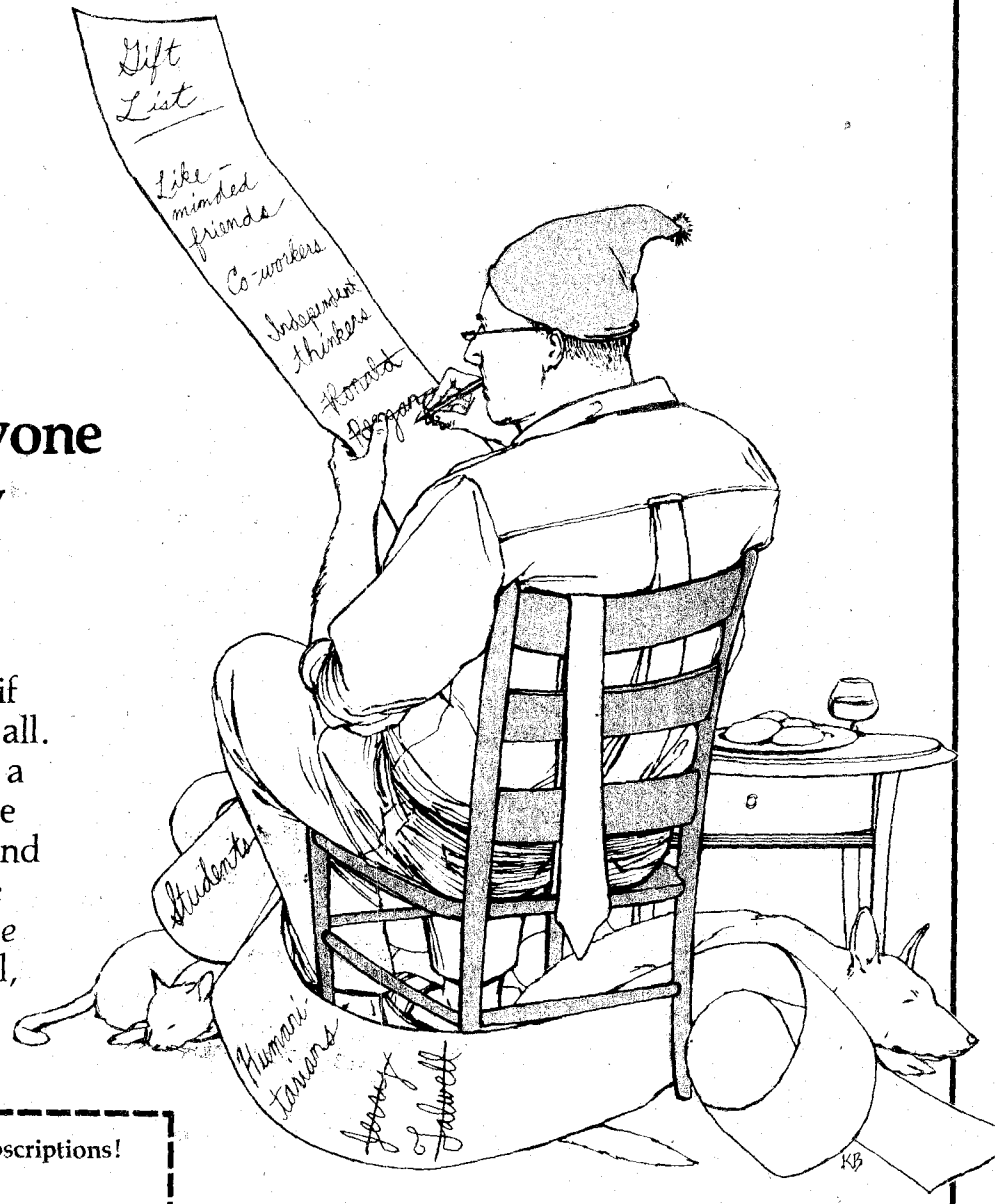

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